

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME LIV NO. 13

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1937

5 CENTS A COPY

Washington Dance Friday Eve., Feb. 19

The William M. Myers Post, No. 50, American Legion will sponsor a Washington's Birthday Ball at Antrim Town hall Friday evening, February 19, with music by Zaza Ludwig and the Vodville Band, of Manchester. Admission, Adults 50 cents each; Children and spectators 25 cents. There will be three special dance numbers by Miss Mac and her dancing class.

Ten per cent of the proceeds of this dance will be given to the local Red Cross for flood relief.

A Bulova wrist watch, valued at 25 dollars, will be given away at this dance.

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Those taking part in the play are as follows:

Glen Dixon, who buys a small farm in the country—Vernon Brown

Narcissa, his housekeeper—Edna Linton

Mr. Toliver, the real estate agent—Theodore Caughey

Judith Shepard, a country girl—Virginia Worthley

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Two sketches—History of the Valentine, by Mrs. Chaffee;

History of Saint Valentine's Day, by Mrs. Nichols;

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Song—Love's Old Sweet Song, by Mrs. Butterfield.

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Ethel B. Nichols, Publicity.

Homer Pemberton, from whom the farm is purchased—Neal Mallett

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Introduce Bill in Legislature to Create a New Department of State Police

The long-waited bill creating a department of state police has made its appearance in the House, under the name of Fred T. Wadleigh of Milford who stated that it was the administration's measure which had the endorsement of Gov. Francis P. Murphy.

The proposed law reflected Governor Murphy's well-known views on this subject, and, as forecast in his inaugural address, it is based upon a transfer of the existing state highway patrol to a new department especially created for this purpose without requiring the appropriation of additional funds.

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With the highway patrol there would also be incorporated in the Department of State Police the division of criminal investigation and fingerprinting now conducted under the supervision of the attorney-general, thus making the new law-enforcing body a compact, well-rounded unit from the start.

The act bears the short title, "State Police Act." It calls for the creation of an organization the members of which shall be ex-officio constables throughout the state. The duties would be to patrol the highways, enforce traffic and all criminal laws of the state, but under the law they would possess no authority to serve civil processes nor to act within the limits of any city or town having an organized police force except on request of the town or upon order of the governor.

The executive head of the department is a superintendent whose appointment is to be made by the governor with the advice and consent of the council and who is to serve until he is seventy years of age or is removed for cause. The only qualification set for the superintendency is that a candidate to be eligible must be a citizen of the United States.

The act establishes the department in a thoroughly businesslike manner, according the superintendent broad powers to fix grades and ranks; to determine standards of health, education, training and experience and, with the approval of the governor, to set the salaries of the personnel. As is customary in all well-organized police departments, the suspension, discharge and demotion of all employees is left entirely to the discretion of the superintendent.

An interesting provision, in connection with the training of the personnel, is the provision that such training facilities as may be developed in the department shall be available under reasonable regulations to any local governmental unit in the state. In other words, an opportunity is afforded local police to attend state police schools and to participate in various phases of the training schedule.

Another feature which shows that a good deal of thought has been devoted to the preparation of this measure is the provision that any fee for the performance of an act in line of duty or a reward for the apprehension or conviction of any person, or for the recovery of any property, may not be retained by the members of the state police but must be paid into the state treasury. The same is true of all fines and costs assessed in any court as a result of the efforts of state police.

The bill provides that all of the equipment and records of the division of investigation in the office of the attorney general shall be transferred to the new department, as shall all of the motorcycles, automobiles and other equipment now in use by the highway patrol.

Funds for the operation of the new department are largely obtained by arranging for the annual transfer to it by the state treasurer out of monies collected by the Motor Vehicle Department for registration and licensing fees, the sum of \$150,000 which amount is the present approximate cost of

Weekly Letter by Proctor, Fish and Game Conservation Officer

Well our old friend the conservation fellow David M. Hopkins of Greenfield has a new hobby. Now he is collecting old auto plates and is going back as far as 1913. This year he has a new net and has promised me that he will get over 50 snapping turtles out of Otter, Zephyr and Sunset lakes in that town.

William E. Curtis of Hancock brings down the second bobcat inside of a month. This time it was a male 19 lbs. He says there are more to follow.

Mr. Remick, the representative from Bristol, introduced a bill this week to pay a bounty of fifty cents for hedgehog heads instead of the present bounty of twenty cents. In his country as well as other parts of the state they have done a great deal of damage to fruit trees, buildings and shrubbery. All the clubs in this neck of the woods are for a higher bounty.

A bill is in the house and senate to have an open season on foxes from Sept. 1st to March 1st. This bill has the O.K. of the Poultrymen The Trapper and the Fox Hunters so it should have clear sailing through both branches. It is expected to become a law this week. You fox hunters watch the papers for the outcome.

Did you know that you can deer proof a hound of any kind. Take a little of the musk from the hoof of a deer and rub it on the collar of the dog three times a week for two weeks. After that he will pay no attention to a deer-scent.

That Golden Glove contest all over New England has got a lot of towns a rarity to go places. Some of the favorite sons have come through in fine shape.

Well, we have heard again from our old friend, E. E. Wilcox of Chester, now hunting shells in the ocean off St. Petersburg, Fla. The other day he had quite a thrill. He was wading about a mile from shore up to his waist when a school

\$500,000 Soil Program for This State

Boasting many new and simplified soil-building practices and offering greater financial help to the farmers of New Hampshire, the 1937 Agricultural Conservation Program was released late last week from the Washington office of the AAA, according to an announcement made today by Director J. C. Kendall of the New Hampshire Extension Service.

Most of the soil building practices for which payments may be earned by Granite State men who cooperate is aimed at one of the following goals: improving of pasture land, increasing acreage of legume hay and the productivity of all hay lands, reforesting of hill-sides, and improving farm woodlands.

A half-million dollars is the allotment that conservation officials have deeded New Hampshire as her share in the money to be spent to improve fertility of the nation's soil. About 8,000 farmers of the state are expected to sign up this new and improved program and take part in some or all of the soil-building practices offered them.

One of the new practices announced for the state is the development of a comprehensive conservation program for the farm. This includes making a map of the farm and working out a farm management program covering a period of years.

The new program also stresses orchard improvement and the woodland management, which includes improvement cutting and thinning of weed trees, construction of fence for the purpose of excluding live stock from farm woodlands previously.

Daniels' Black Emulsion

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TANGLED WIRES

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By JANE LADD
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WNU Service.

THE office was very quiet that morning. Colonel Gray had gone away for two weeks and Judith was alone. This meant plenty of time to think, and this was the last thing Judy wanted to do. It was thinking, during those dreary weeks since she had left Van, that had brought her up against the dead wall of her present wretchedness and despair.

At the time of her marriage she had wanted Van to buy a certain new little suburban bungalow, set in a grove of silver birches, and to keep her position in Colonel Gray's law office until it was paid for. Van insisted that she give up her job and that they live in town. They had compromised, temporarily. Judith kept on working and they took a tiny apartment. The subject, however, remained a sore one. They argued and quarreled and finally Judith packed her trunk and went home.

But her wrath had cooled now. Life in the cluttered flat wasn't what it had been in her girlhood days. She grew white and thin and took to crying herself to sleep. She wanted Van. Last night was the climax. Her mother had a sick headache, Billy had the chickenpox, and her father, tired and cross, had muttered something to the effect that a married woman's place was with her husband and that, if Judy didn't care about Van, he could probably find someone who would.

So to her other agonies was added the blight of jealousy. All night she tossed feverishly and now she sat at her desk, heart-sick, her head buried in her hands. Finally she drew a long breath and capitulated. Life in its present form wasn't worth living. Far better to abandon her own scheme of living and conform to that of the man she had married—the man she loved with all her soul.

Trembling, she reached for the telephone and dialed the familiar number. There was a palpitation pause, a phantom click, the beloved voice: "Hello."

But suddenly her courage failed her. She dodged the issue. Panic-stricken, she mimicked the mechanical tones of the professional operator: "This is the repair clerk speaking. We are testing your line."

It wasn't pride that made her do it, only shyness, and for a moment she held the receiver to her ear, hoping he might speak again. He did—but not as she had expected!

"You sound like a very nice repair clerk," he remarked conversationally. "I think I'd like to meet you. Are you busy every night?"

Resentment sent her blood boiling through her veins. Her father was right, then. While she had been pining for Van, he had been flirting with pretty voices over the telephone, smiling into sweet, perky faces in the street—perhaps even from behind the wheel of his roadster down into close, inviting eyes. Well, she would get even! Outraged dignity and a passionate desire for retaliation suggested the way.

She laughed softly. "Not—every night. I'm busy now, though. Shall I call you again?"

"Please do!" came his eager reply.

That night she mapped out her campaign. She would lead him on; make a date with him; meet him and confront him with his own perfidy.

It worked like a charm. She called him every morning, carefully disguising her voice. She coquetted with him openly as the acquaintance progressed, but he was always a gentleman. If he had to be a villain, she thought, he did it well.

"You're a pretty good repair clerk," he told her once, rather clerkly. "I think you could mend broken hearts—and goodness know mine needs it."

For a week she refused his invitations for a ride, hardening her heart against the coaxing tones that had thrilled her so during the brief sweet madness of their courtship and honeymoon; but, finally, on Friday, in a mood half pitying and half fearful, she yielded.

"How about Sunday?" she asked.

He answered joyfully. "A picnic—all day! I'll take lunch—I've a peach of a hamper." A sob caught her throat as she thought of the happy times they had packed it together.

She was terribly apprehensive, now the time to meet him arrived. They might have patched up the fragments of their life together, once. Could they—after Sunday? She doubted.

At 11 o'clock she stood at the entrance to the Arboretum, looking for the shabby roadster that had whirled her away one autumn night, with Van, straight to paradise. Presently she saw it, but stopped abruptly, her hand upon her heart. For the driver, who got down now and came to meet her, wasn't Van at all, but a thin young chap in glasses with a friendly but uncertain smile.

"I think you're the young lady I'm supposed to meet," he said. "Van sent me. We're to pick him up later. It's all right, you know—I have his car." Her brain didn't seem to be functioning. Like a sleepwalker she got into the car.

It was a queer ride. Van's mes-

she asked for none. At first she had no idea as to where she was, but after a while her surroundings became familiar. The old house with the windmill—the duck pond, a grove of silver birches gleamed in the sun and they swung into a gravel driveway and stopped before her House of Dreams!

The spectacled youth vanished, the door opened, and Van came down the steps. He lifted her bodily from the car and held her close. "Don't cry, Judy girl," he whispered, his own eyes suspiciously wet. "You're home, now, you know. Don't cry!"

The roadster stood in the drive all day. They explored the house and Van told her how he had bought it, and furnished it, and grown to love it better than any other place in the world. It wasn't all completed; some things he had left for her. "That little room off ours, for instance," he explained. "I thought you might like it for a sewing room."

"It's been a hustles," he added, dreamily. "I've done it all since the day you called me up and said you were the telephone repair clerk testing the line."

They were sitting on the davenport, her head on his shoulder, and she looked up at him with wondering eyes. "How did you know it was me?" she asked.

He hugged her tight. "You've got a funny trick, honey," he chuckled. "When you're excited you can't pronounce a word beginning with 'I' without putting a p in front of it. You said, 'This is the p-repair clerk speaking' and then I knew."

They ate their dinner on their own gray painted table, and soon it was dark, and time to go. They stood on the porch with the moonlight pouring down on the silver birches, and Judy sighed.

"Couldn't we stay here tonight, Van?" she begged. "I'll telephone mother. I—I can't leave it!"

There didn't seem to be any real reason against it, so they went in again, and closed the door behind them, and their arms around each other, climbed the stair. But on the threshold of the little room next theirs, Judy halted her tall young husband, and he felt her trembling against his side.

"I—I'm going to give up my job at the office, Van, after all," she murmured unsteadily. "Dr. Grant thinks I'd better. And . . . I guess we won't have this for a sewing room, dear. We'll paper it with those adorable bunnies and kittens—and put Mother Goose rhymes—all around the walls."

China Moves to Limit Its People to Two Names

It has been common practice for Chinese to have as many names as they please, changing them as their ambitions or state of mind change, but complications which arise in official records have led to a movement for restriction. The ministry of interior has requested a revision of the Chinese civil code to limit each person to two names, an ordinary name and a courtesy name, states a Shanghai United Press correspondent in the New York Times.

One of the most serious difficulties resulting from spur-of-the-moment name-changing arises at election time.

Another complication is the refusal of a Chinese to accept a court summons issued in one of his names, which he vows is neither his family nor courtesy name.

Many educated Chinese have as many as four or five names, plus a number of literary pseudonyms. Government officials also adopt several names as in the case of General Chiang Kai-shek, the nation's "strong man," who also is addressed as "Chung-chen" by friends who wish to show respect for his position as president of the executive Yuan. The late Dr. Sun Yat-sen, founder of the Chinese republic, still is referred to as "Chung Shan."

At birth a Chinese may be named after an animal or bird, or according to his weight, or the order of his arrival in the family. When he enters school he gets another name, his "school name," and a few years later he may adopt some such name as "Tseng Kuan" (Conquest of the World), or "Kuo, Liang" (Pillar of the Nation). In maturity and old age his philosophy changes, and so again does his name.

Embroidery Old as Needle

Embroidery, which consists of a design or decoration worked with thread on a piece of cloth, is as old as the first needle. The Greeks, Assyrians, Babylonians and Persians covered themselves with embroidered cloth and even went so far as to embroider their tents and horse blankets. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the English had an "embroidery craze." They embroidered everything from book coverings and purses to window shades.

Women Used Cheek Plumpers

Cheek plumpers were used by many American and European women less than a century ago. They were two hollow silver balls that, when placed in each side of the mouth, rounded out flabby cheeks and smoothed out many wrinkles. A connecting wire, worn under the tongue, held them in place so the wearer could talk and titter without danger of choking to death.

—Collier's Weekly.

Bad Egg

The solicitous waitress approached the young diner. "I forgot to ask you," she said, "if you wanted your eggs turned over?"

"So good idea," replied the boy.

"Turn 'em over to the museum!"

ATTENDING TO THINGS

By ISABEL MOORE
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WNU Service.

"**T**ED, dear, if you don't keep your playthings from under foot why I'll have to attend to them." Helen stepped over the toy train of cars in her hurried effort to reach the end of the veranda and look towards the newly planted garden. "There!" she exclaimed. "I thought so! Scratching up that seed again! I'll attend to that chicken!" Helen darted down the steps.

Her four-year-old son thoughtfully hauled his train of cars to one side and in the spring sunshine of late afternoon stood watching his mother's pursuit of the elusive squeaking chicken. When it was captured and he signed approvingly,

"If daddy forgets to bring home that chicken wire and attend to the new runway, why I'll attend to him!" Helen's eyes snapped whimsically as she breathlessly mounted the steps and went inside.

Ted nodded solemnly. Then he heard a light step. Turning, he saw his Aunt Dorothy coming up the path. She was twenty-one and lived with them. Ted rushed into her arms.

Presently Tom Hills hustled into Helen's welcoming kiss and cordially greeted his sister-in-law. Then he caught Ted up in his arms as the child pointed gleefully to a roll of chicken wire which Tom had set down.

After supper Helen and Tom, seated in the breakfast nook, became absorbed in a discussion of household matters. Ted sought his train of cars. Dorothy, starting for her room, turned back when the doorbell rang.

"That's Mr. Elderbird, I'll bet," grimaced Helen.

"I suppose so," Dorothy answered perplexedly. Then softly she ran towards Ted, catching his little hand. "Come with Aunt Dorothy dear, and talk to Mr. Elderbird."

"No; don't want talk 'o' bird."

"Oh—" gasped Dorothy, "who said—" she glanced reproachfully at Tom, who grinned guiltily. "Just let him hear your nicknames," she warned quietly, "and you'll never get those letters of introduction."

Tom shrugged good-naturedly.

Dorothy demurely admitted the large, complacent Mr. Elderbird, who was about forty-five, withoggle eyes and dyed hair. Repressing a weary sigh, she ushered her wealthy caller into the living room. She knew the line of talk to which she must listen and give evasive answers, until she could get rid of him without invoking his displeasure. He was so influential, so able to hasten Tom and Helen along towards Easy street.

Then, as often before, the doorbell rang again.

Dorothy flew to the door, this time greeting Carl Kennedy, twenty-two, alert, eyes of keenest blue and hair of reddish sand color. He scowled when she murmured. "Mr. Elderbird's here," and coldly civil was his recognition of the bland visitor who occupied the biggest and most comfortable chair.

Dorothy steered conversation into general channels. Mr. Elderbird apparently enjoyed Kennedy's ill-conceived jealousy, the younger man every now and then stifling some remark he had almost said aloud.

When finally Mr. Elderbird, with a farewell smile, bowed himself out, Carl exploded:

"You're afraid of hurting his feelings, you say! What about mine? I've reached the limit! All I could do to sit here and not land him on the jaw every time he leered at you!" Carl had jumped to his feet and began striding back and forth. Suddenly he went to Dorothy. In gentler voice he pleaded: "Say that you won't let Elderbird call here again—to see you personally, I mean!"

"But—please listen—"

"Oh, perhaps you do like him?" an ominous note in his voice.

"You know—"

"I know that you allow him to call—" interrupted the tempestuous young man, "pretending you can't get rid of him. Certainly looks as if you cared somewhat—"

"Carl!"

"—else you couldn't endure his presence. Very well! I'm done! I quit!" He flung himself towards the door.

"Please—Carl!" she begged. "Just listen!"

"Never again!" he hurled mockingly, and the front door banged after him.

On started tiptoe Helen came toward Dorothy. Ted, sleepy-eyed, trudged behind.

"Darling, what's happened?" Helen's arms closed around Dorothy's trembling shoulders.

"We quarreled, I guess. And—Carl's gone—forever!"

"What do you mean? Carl's crazy about you!"

"Not now! Because of Mr. Elderbird!"

"Say! Haven't I said all along we don't care whether that rich old guy ever introduces us to his big-bug friends or not? Tom's smart enough to go on his own. We're not going to sacrifice your happiness just to flatter Mr. Elderbird. Tom would say so, too, if he weren't sound asleep. I do wish," she rambled on, "you'd let me speak my

mind to the old past. Oh, I'd attend to him!"

"No," Dorothy choked, dabbing her eyes. "We mustn't be rude to him. But why—why on earth can't he see I care nothing for him? Why does he persist in calling? And, oh—Carl! She began to sob, just as a tired little voice said:

"'Good-night, Auntie Dorothy.'"

"Good-night sweetheart!" She kissed the roseleaf face and Helen whisked the child upstairs to bed. Dorothy followed, trying to be brave.

On the following evening when the doorbell rang, Dorothy dragged herself to the door. Mr. Elderbird seated himself. Ted betook himself to his own small rocking chair, which he dragged to a position between his aunt's chair and that of the visitor. The child seated himself, clutching a box cover in his chubby hands.

To Dorothy Ted's presence was a godsend, but Mr. Elderbird's eye indicated that the child was a nuisance. He glanced significantly at his watch. "Time for little fellows like you to be in bed—ain't it?"

Ted rocked in silence.

Mr. Elderbird cleared his throat, apparently determined to ignore the child's presence. "Have you decided, Miss Miller—Dorothy, if you will permit me—what your answer should be?"

"Why, yes—no. I mean—you see—"

Ted stopped rocking with an abruptness that opportunely diverted his aunt's attention. He gave her a fleeting, half-guilty glance, then quickly turned his head towards the caller, upon whom, for a second, the child's dark eyes rested, accusingly. A chubby fist then shot upward in the air and the painted box cover was brought down forcibly upon the knee of Mr. Elderbird—clap!

"Ted!" exclaimed Dorothy.

Mr. Elderbird grinned condoningly.

"You here ev'y night!" Ted's voice piped up. Dorothy gasped, then started an animated conversation.

"Whack! Again a sharp blow on Mr. Elderbird's knee—another—followed by two swifter and more stinging raps before Dorothy could seize the belligerent Ted. But his tongue she could not control.

"You here ev'y night. Wha' for? Aunt Dor' don't like you!"

Mr. Elderbird bit his lip. "Is that true, Miss Miller?" he frowned.

"Go 'way!" shrilled Ted.

Dorothy's eyes were downcast. "Shall I go?" demanded the visitor icily as he rose to his feet. Silence.

"And not return?"

Dorothy nodded.

He went.

Three days later, at sunset time, Carl Kennedy drove furiously by the house, eyes straight ahead. Ted saw him and shouted joyously. The car slowed up. Backed.

"Hello, Ted!" called Kennedy huskily. His eyes softened as he cast one sidelong glance towards the house. Ted scrambled up on the running-board.

"Why not you here ev'y night?"

Carl winced. "I—er—"

"Ol' bird—at's what daddy calls him—isn't he here any more."

"W-h-a-t?"

"I tended to it."

"Huh? You—attended to—Elderbird? What yer mean?"

"I tended 'im. C'mon, Carl."

Town Criers Are Still Heard in French Villages

The town crier with his bell has virtually disappeared from England; but what corresponds to him in France has survived, more generally, especially

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Another feature which shows that a good deal of thought has been devoted to the preparation of this measure is the provision that any fee for the performance of an act in line of duty or a reward for the apprehension or conviction of any person, or for the recovery of any property, may not be retained by the members of the state police but must be paid into the state treasury. The same is true of all fines and costs assessed in any court as a result of the efforts of state police.

The bill provides that all of the equipment and records of the division of investigation in the office of the attorney general shall be transferred to the new department, as shall all of the motorcycles, automobiles, and other equipment now in use by the highway patrol.

Funds for the operation of the new department are largely obtained by arranging for the annual transfer to it by the state treasurer out of monies collected by the Motor Vehicle Department for registration and licensing fees, the sum of \$150,000 which amount is the present approximate cost of

the examiners of the Motor Vehicle Department assigned to highway patrol. In addition, the amounts now available to the division of criminal investigation would be transferred to the department of state police.

Provision is made in the law for cooperation between the state police and other police departments and the law enforcement agencies of the federal government but their use in connection with strikes or industry is not permitted except by authorization of the governor.

The enactment of such a law has long been urged by residents in the rural and recreational areas who have felt the need of police protection. Various bills have been introduced in the past but, as Governor Murphy stated in his inaugural address, these were nearly always planned on a scale which was too expensive for the taxpayers or too complicated to meet the approval of the Legislature.

The measure presented today is the simplest that has ever been presented. It establishes the department as a minimum strength in line with the governor's theory that law-making, as in so many other undertakings, "we ought to learn to creep before we try to walk." Manchester Union.

**Miss Susie C. Clark
Dies in Hopkinton**

Miss Susie Clara Clark passed away at Hopkinton last Sunday, February 6.

She was the daughter of Harry and Mary (Day) Clark, and a native of Antrim.

Miss Clark attended Antrim schools and made her home with her sisters Misses Lois and Margaret Clark at Antrim Center. She is also survived by sisters Mrs. Kate Loveren of Antrim and Mrs. Nellie Damon of East Bridgewater, Mass.

Services were held from the home at Antrim Center Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock, with Rev. William McN. Kittredge officiating. Cremation took place at Mount Auburn Crematory following the services. After cremation the ashes will be taken and buried in the family lot at Maplewood cemetery.

"Thru the Valley of the Shadow"
Written by her sister, Mrs. Nellie Damon in memory of Miss Susie Clara Clark.

Thru the valley of the shadow,
Like the birds go home to rest;

So our loved ones go before us
To their long eternal rest.

We are called upon to part
From the friends who have been with us

And our way seems drear and dark.
But to those who go before us

Is but given perfect rest,
And our hearts thus over-shadowed

Must believe God's will is best.
Safe in her Creator's keeping

Who has given her relief;
Tis only we are weeping,

She rests in perfect peace.

Postoffice Prepares Illustr. Stamp Book

Much interest is exhibited in the booklet which the Postoffice Department is preparing to issue which will carry illustrations of all postage stamps ever issued by the United States.

Heretofore, the rules against stamp illustrations have been almost as rigid as those against reproduction of the design of our currency, and were based originally on the theory that to permit such illustrations might encourage counterfeiting.

The result has been that stamp catalogues published here have carried illustrations of only a minor portion of the stamps and showed no part of the central design. Collectors have been seriously handicapped in identifying issues which had only minor differences.

Weekly Letter by Proctor, Fish and Game Conservation Officer

Well our old friend the conservation fellow, David M. Hopkins of Greenfield has a new hobby. Now he is collecting old auto plates and is going back as far as 1913. This year he has a new net and has promised me that he will get over 50 snapping turtles out of Otter, Zephyr and Sunset lakes in that town.

William E. Curtis of Hancock brings down the second bobcat inside of a month. This time it was a male 19 lbs. He says there are more to follow.

Mr. Remick, the representative from Bristol, introduced a bill this week to pay a bounty of fifty cents for hedgehog heads instead of the present bounty of twenty cents. In his country as well as other parts of the state they have done a great deal of damage to fruit trees, buildings and shrubbery. All the clubs in this neck of the woods are for a higher bounty.

A bill is in the house and senate to have an open season on foxes from Sept. 1st to March 1st. This bill has the O.K. of the Poultreymen The Trapper and the Fox Hunters so it should have clear sailing through both branches. It is expected to become a law this week. You fox hunters watch the papers for the outcome.

Did you know that you can deer proof a hound of any kind. Take a little of the musk from the hoof of a deer and rub it on the collar of the dog three times a week for two weeks. After that he will pay no attention to a deer-scent.

That Golden Glove contest all over New England has got a lot of towns a rarin' to go places. Some of the favorite sons have come through in fine shape.

Well, we have heard again from our old friend, E. E. Wilcox of Chester, now hunting shells in the ocean off St. Petersburg, Fla. The other day he had quite a thrill. He was wading about a mile from shore up to his waist when a school

\$500,000 Soil Program for This State

Boasting many new and simplified soil-building practices and offering greater financial help to the farmers of New Hampshire, the 1937 Agricultural Conservation Program was released late last week from the Washington office of the AAA, according to an announcement made today by Director J. C. Kendall of the New Hampshire Extension Service.

Most of the soil building practices for which payments may be earned by Granite State men who cooperate is aimed at one of the following goals: improving of pasture land, increasing acreage of legume hay and the productivity of all hay lands, reforesting of hill-sides, and improving farm woodlands.

A half million dollars is the allotment that conservation officials have deeded New Hampshire as her share in the money to be spent to improve fertility of the nation's soil. About 8,000 farmers of the state are expected to sign up this new and improved program and take part in some or all of the soil-building practices offered them.

One of the new practices announced for the state is the development of a comprehensive conservation program for the farm. This includes making a map of the farm and working out a farm management program covering a period of years.

The new program also stresses orchard improvement and the woodland management, which includes improvement cutting and thinning of weed trees, construction of fence for the purpose of excluding livestock from farm woodlands previously used for pasture, and planting young trees.

The AAA program in this state has concentrated on soil-building allowances and omitted diversion practices in the new program.

"Although many other parts of the country need less soil-depleting crops and more soil-conserving crops," says Director Kendall, "New Hampshire farmers already have their land in pretty good balance. We don't need a general diversion program, but in looking to the future we do need to maintain and build up our pastures, haylands, and woodlands."

Payments which may be earned for each of the various practices will represent part of the cash cost of using the practice. For practices which require lime or fertilizer the payments will be based on the amount of the materials used. No farm will have an allowance of less than \$20, this does not mean that every soil building payment will be at least \$20, but that each farmer who signs up under the program will have an opportunity to earn at least \$20 during the year.

The list of soil-building practices and other details of the program as it applies in New Hampshire were based on recommendations of the state Agricultural Conservation Committee and approved by Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace.

As previously announced, local administration of the program will be in the hands of committees elected by the farmers. Dates of

community meetings for the purpose of electing officers will be announced soon.

For detailed information concerning the plan it is recommended that farmers get in touch with their county agricultural agent.

Daniels' Black Emulsion

Worth Its Weight in Gold

For Cough or Cold

ANTRIM PHARMACY

M. E. Daniels, Reg. Druggist, Antrim, N. H.

WILLIAM F. CLARK

PLUMBING - HEATING

OIL BURNERS, STOVES, ETC.

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Marcel, Finger and Comb Waving
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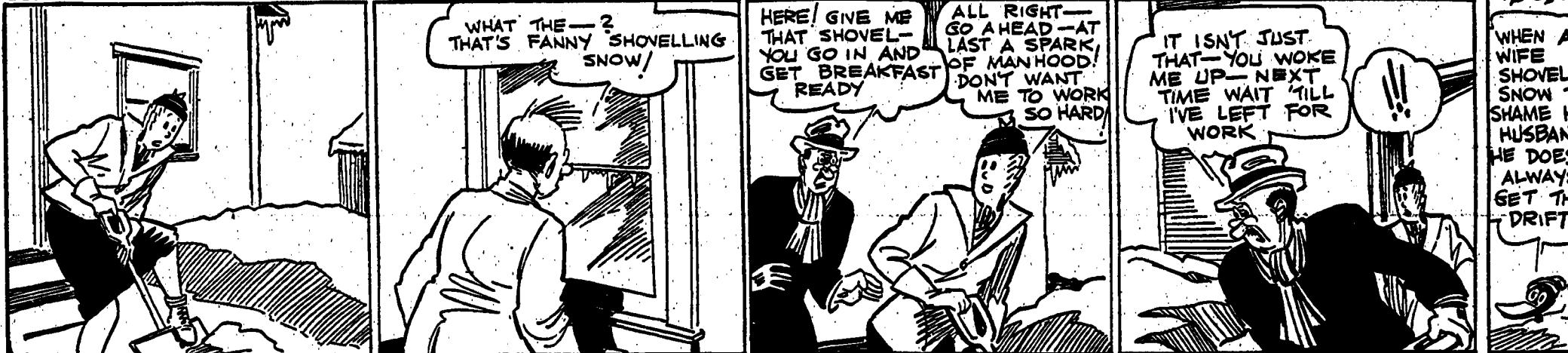
Marguerite C. Howard For Appointments
Wilfred Graduate Phone 103-2 and 5

WORLD'S BEST COMICS

Lighter Side of Life as Depicted by Famous Cartoonists and Humorists

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne
© Western Newspaper Chain

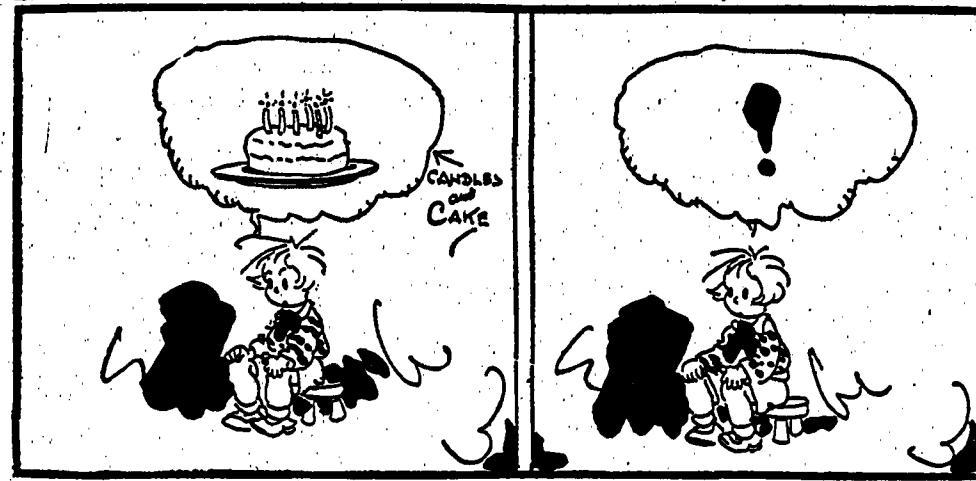


'Sno Sleep

By C. M. PAYNE



S'MATTER POP—Mention This to Your Folks, Kids



By C. M. PAYNE



MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTER



Such Is Life

Lolly Gaggs

(Copyright, 1936, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

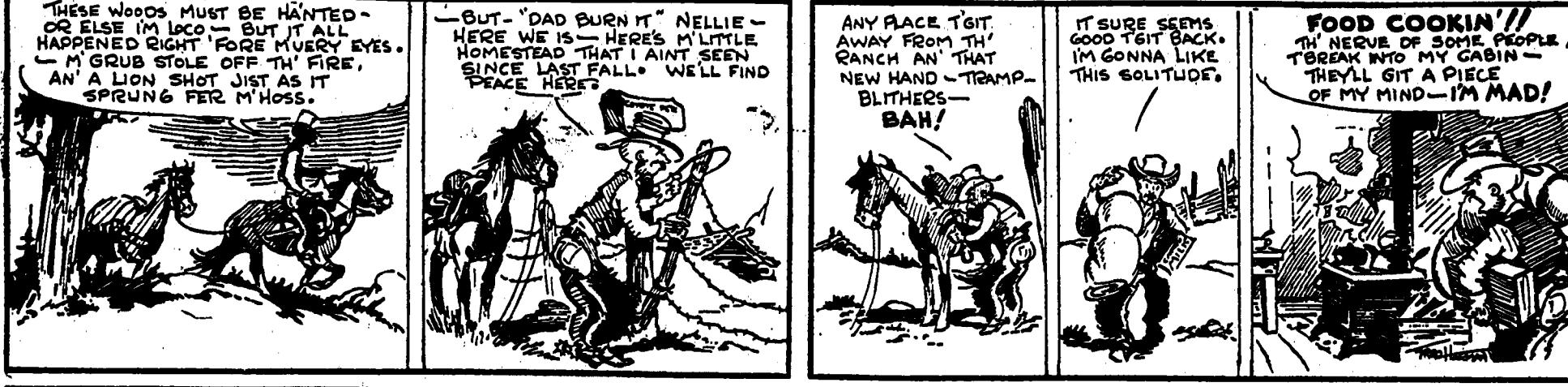
By Ted O'Loughlin
© Western Newspaper Chain



In the Bag



BRONC PEELER — Home at Last



By FRED HARMAN

Let LUDEN'S

Menthol Cough Drops

1. Clear your head
2. Soothe your throat
3. Help build up

YOUR ALKALINE RESERVE 5¢

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

REMEDIES

Pneumonia. Real relief quickly by using our prescription salve. Sold on May 1st. No guarantee. Full information free. Marwood, P. O. Box No. 3116, Cleveland, Ohio.

Circusland of the WORLD TIMES SQUARE-NEW YORK

A pleasant, quiet, refined hotel home, spacious rooms, good food.

ROOM AND PRIVATE BATH \$2.50 DOLLARS \$3.50 DOUBLE

Total

WOODSTOCK

• 43rd St. East of Times Square • Under Knott Management

"Quotations"

One should guard against preaching to young men that success, in the customary material sense, is the aim of life.—Albert Einstein.

What we need is not less of the national spirit, but more of it; not less of the zeal for national interests, but more.—William E. Borah.

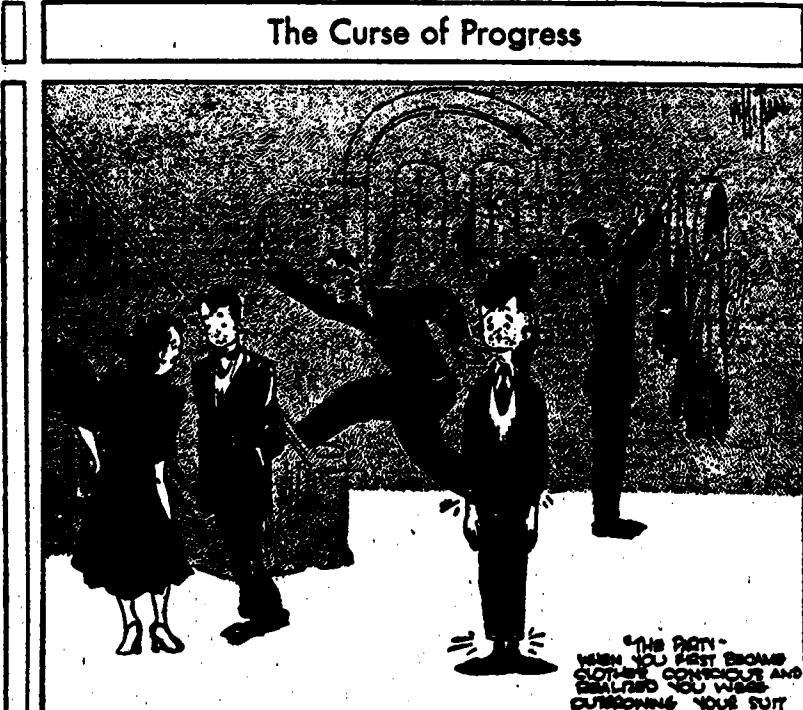
Unless England and America stand together there will be chaos in the world.—Lady Astor.

There is a large difference between leisure time and idle time.—Fiorello H. La Guardia.

Men will never conquer death, for death is an essential character of our self.—Dr. Alexis Carrel.

This life is not the play, only the rehearsal.—J. H. Shorthouse.

The Curse of Progress



The Ring and the Hat
"What do you mean when you say your hat is in the ring?" asked the anxious inquirer.

"It's a phrase that implies defiant courage," said Senator Borgham. "You toss the hat into the ring only after you have passed it around and gathered enough campaign contributions to give you some political authority."

Hard Work
Two wives were discussing their husbands' disinclination to work:
First Wife—My husband sells balloons when the circus comes to town.
Second Wife—And mine sells smoked glasses when there's an eclipse.

Room for One
Hotel Manager—I caught the bellboy standing on a chair looking through all the transoms.
Guest—Did you fire him?
Hotel Manager—Sure! The chair wasn't strong enough to hold both of us.

JUST ONE MORE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



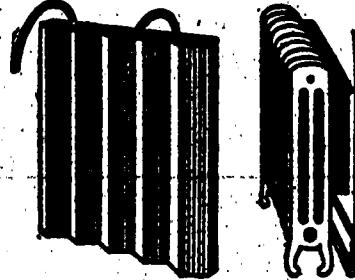
Home Heating Hints

By John Curley
Meeting Expert

Avoid Unhealthy Dry Air—Keep Radiator Humidifier Pans Filled With Water.

MANY winter colds are caused by hot, dry air in the home while the season for burning the furnace is on. Heat, of course, absorbs the moisture in the air. This hot air also dries out and damages furniture.

You can easily and inexpensively provide for air-moisture by keeping a "pan humidifier," or hot



water pan, filled with water in each room of your home. Designed to hang out of sight on the backs of radiators, these pans furnish water that can be evaporated by the radiator heat and provide moisture for the air in the rooms. This prevents the air from becoming too dry and lessens the chance of catching or spreading colds.

Warm air heating plants are equipped with humidifier pans. All you have to do is to keep them filled with fresh water.

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Fascism on Our Dimes

Our ten-cent coins were designed three years before Mussolini and his followers adopted the fasces as the emblem of Fascism. The fasces on our dimes are emblems common to works of art. The fasces were the rods made into a bundle to enclose a protruding axe and were borne by the ancient Roman lictors to execute the judgment of the magistrate.

Adolph Alexander Weinman, a native of Germany and a member of the United States Commission of the Fine Arts, in 1916 designed our ten-cent pieces and the fifty-cent coins.

MOTHERS!

GET THIS Child's Growth Chart FREE!

JUST send us your name and address and we will send you this chart without cost or obligation. You tack it on the wall and keep a permanent record of your child's progress in height and weight. Send 25¢ in stamps. Made of durable velum. May be used for several children.

We make this absolutely free just to let you know about our new product. Take a few drops of the salve with the nasty, fatty taste and odor removed. Write for a free sample of Sunsol.

SUNSOL PRODUCTS Chattanooga, Tenn.

KILL THAT COLD BEFORE IT STARTS

TAKE LANE'S COLD TABLETS. Keep boves open. Don't overeat. Get plenty of rest. At first sign of catching cold, take 2 Lane's Cold Tablets. Pleasant to take. Be sure to get pink pills in the yellow box. 24 for 25¢.

SORE, RHEUMATIC MUSCLES

Every good boy to every liniment and salve, that have to be smeared on every few hours to be effective. The new treatment for sore, aching muscles is Allcock's Plaster. Apply it until pain is all gone. One Allcock's Plaster lasts days and days without further thought. The blood is gently drawn to the painful rheumatic area, and the muscles are massaged as you rub it on. No need to go to the doctor or hospital. Allcock's is pleasant. Easy on eyes when pain is gone. 5 million users testify that Allcock's is marvelous for backaches, arthritis, pains, chest colds. 25¢ at druggists, or write Allcock's, Ossining, N. Y.

ALLCOCK'S

WNU-2

6-37

DOLLARS & HEALTH

The successful person is a healthy person. Don't let yourself be handicapped by sick headaches, a sluggish condition, stomach "nerves" and other dangerous signs of over-acidity.

MILNEA FOR HEALTH

Milnea, the original milk of magnesia in wafer form, neutralizes stomach acids, gives quick, pleasant elimination. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonsfuls of milk of magnesia. Tasty, too. 20c, 35c & 50c everywhere.

Hugh Bradley Says.

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Jack Curley Takes You on a Journey Down Memory Lane

Jack Curley, famed sports promoter, is Hugh Bradley's guest columnist today. Flashbacks to the old days contained occasionally in this column, he says, have caused him to go wandering down to memory lane, too.

By JACK CURLEY

WHEN Farmer Burns, who died recently, rang in Dan McLeod under another name, against Frank Gotch, a lad from Humboldt, Iowa, the two wrestled on a cinder dump back of the round house for nearly four hours. The best the world beater McLeod got out of it was a draw. It took Gotch several months to get rid of the ashen cinders under his skin.

Do you remember when: Eddie Santry won the world featherweight championship? He knocked out Ben Jordan of England in sixteen rounds at Tom O'Rourke's club in New York City . . . And when Terry McGovern knocked out Santry at Tattersall's in Chicago in five rounds?

Some of the world's greatest fights: Jimmy Barry versus Casper Leon. Tommy Ryan versus Tommy West. Joe Wolcott versus Kid Lavigne. Abe Attell versus Owen Moran. Frank Slavin versus Peter Jackson. Peter Maher versus Joe Goddard. Pedlar Palmer versus Terry McGovern. Jack Dempsey versus Fred Fulton. Gene Tunney versus Jack Dempsey. Jim Flynn versus Carl Morris. All these fights caused gossip for years.

Johnny McAvoy, one of New York's best ring referees, rode as a jockey in Maspeth L. I., years before he refereed at almost the same spot. Stamford White never missed a boxing or wrestling ringside at the old Garden down in Madison Square. Harry Thaw came to all the wrestling shows in the new Garden up to the time he settled in Virginia.

Another old timer missed at all the ringsides is Jim Villeague. He always bought two seats and occupied both. He weighed 335 pounds.

For the first time in many years a wrestling show was staged recently in the Olympia Stadium in London. Several wrestlers familiar to American mat audiences participated on the bill. Carl Pojello, one of America's persistent challengers who seldom gets on a card, journeyed all the way to Liverpool, only to be turned away and not allowed to land. Some previous income tax trouble was the cause.

Frankie Neil, one time bantam-weight champion, came from South of the Slot in San Francisco. His dad, who managed him, was something of a soapbox orator. He was a racetrack bookmaker and when betting was slow on the ponies, he'd bellow across the betting ring: "Who wants to take \$1,000 against my boy Frankie?"

Dad took Frankie to England for a twenty-round fight with Jem Bowker. Of course the slugging American fighter lost the decision. Dad, who was one of the early "We wuzz robbed" barkers, yelled all the way home. Chicago heard his voice when the ship was in the middle of the ocean.

"Who was the referee?" Dad Neil was asked. "I don't know his name, but he was some bum bartender" yelped back Mr. Neil Senior. The bum bartender happened to be Eugene Corr, millionaire stock exchange member and one of England's greatest arbiters in all boxing history.

"My boy chased Bowker all the way," added Papa Neil, "and when I remonstrated with the referee, he chirped back: 'If you shoot at a bird and miss him, that counts for the bird.'"

Finally a boxing scribe asked Mr. Neil what chance Abe Attell had with Bowker. (Attell was then the acknowledged fastest and cleverest 115 pounder in America. But the Neils and Attells were sworn enemies.) "What?" roared Mr. Neil, "Abe Attell's chances with Bowker—Gee whiz—Attel wouldn't hit him with a handful of shot."

That settled Neil's claim of an unfair decision in England.

Thirty-two years ago George Hackenschmidt wrestled and defeated Ahmed Madrall, the Terrible Turk, at Olympia Stadium in London. 16,000 spectators crowded the arena. On the first fall for a flying mare Hackenschmidt won in less than five minutes when he pulled Madrall's arm out of socket.

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE:

AL LANG, trainer of Freddy Steele, refers to the world's middleweight champion as "Fischcake." . . Finn Carlsbad, goalie for the Norwegian Turners, is one of the few soccer stars who wear spectacles while playing. And he always has somebody stand by with a spare pair just in case.

University of Oklahoma wrestlers have a lingo all their own. A "Muscle head" is a wrestler and a "pinky" is a wrestler out of condition. . . High-class trainers such as Hirsch Jacobs and Bert Mitchell give their riders few instructions. It's usually the phony trainer-touts who whisper sweet nothings in the jockeys' ears while paddock yodels gape. . . Johnny Kilbane, the former featherweight champion who now manages Jimmy Vaughn, is a versatile gent. Recently he seconded Vaughn in a bout with Freddy Miller at Louisville and then jumped in and refereed the semi-final between Freddie Eiler and Henry Firpo.

The Yankees have an eye on L. D. Meyer, the T. C. U. end who scored all his team's points against Marquette on New Year's Day. Texans say the youngster is even better at baseball than football. . . Likewise the Senators are anticipating the rush by a year or two while gazing longingly at Alex Campanis, N. Y. U. freshman. . . Joe McManus, who plays such a tidy inside left for the New York (soccer) Americans also manages the Brooklyn (basketball) Visitation. Burly Ty Anderson is the Ching Johnson of the Atlantic City Sea Gulls. Like the Ranger veteran he plays left defense and also like the Ranger veteran he brings down the house every time he goes down the line.

Ed Wade, whose two points after touchdown won Utah State the Rocky Mountain conference football title, also is center on the basketball team which met Manhattan at Madison Square Garden recently. He runs a turkey farm on the side. . . Kent Ryan, captain and forward of the same team, is reported the greatest athlete ever produced in the conference, while the only extra bid for fame that can be thought up for the other forward, Shelby West, is that he is married. . . Blessed Event, held an E. R. Bradley horse that once held a Hialeah Park track record, was left at the post and beaten 100 lengths in a \$1,500 claiming race the other day. . . The Atlantic City Auditorium, home of the Sea Gulls, is so large that 1,500 customers can be accommodated for wrestling matches in a separate arena built on the stage.

Because some friends read too hastily Bill Barfield, the once great Tiger lineman, wants to go on record as saying "I think the Princeton freshman football team of 1940 contained the best material that I have seen on a freshman team at Princeton in many years." . . . Bobby Kerr, former president of the Metropolitan (soccer) league, now is doing notable work as head of the Empire State Junior league. Bing Crosby has an Argentine horse called Subedo, who is supposed to be able to run a mile in 1:35. Even Bing doesn't believe that, though. . . Harry Lenny, manager of Ray Impellitiere, is an accomplished pianist, preferring the classical to the more popular swing music. . . Dan Parker, the sports evangelist, also is a piano player of note (more than one note, in fact).

Jack Bales, the former Princeton footballer, brings word from Cobham that Charlie Beetham, the unlucky Ohio Stater who should have been an Olympic half-mile ace, is going better than ever. Beetham, who should be an important figure in the big meets later this winter, now assists himself in getting into shape by running up the Ohio State stadium steps.

Al Laitin, the promotional genius behind the world's bowling championships, totes 323 pounds on his six foot two-inch frame and is the heaviest man on the alleys. He throws a 16-pound ball for a 190 average but averaged 205 while winning the Elks' individual title. . . Dave Shiman, one of the maple-crashing stars of thirty years ago, now is a successful business man.

Joe Humphrey's favorite song, which he used to sing in his high falsetto voice, was "The Rose of Kildare." The night when the late and greatest of all sports announcers arrived in Detroit to announce the Johnny Rasko-Tom Heeney affair his baggage consisted of one clean collar and two packs of cigarettes. Incidentally when Joe Al Smith always called him "Josephus"—was achieving fame, a great quartet of announcers were still in their heyday. Fred Burns and Johnny Dunn passed away years ago. Only Charley Harvey and Pete Prunty remain of that old bunch now.

Most friends of Gene Sarazen rate his final round of 68 in the 1933 national open his greatest golfing feat, but Gene himself has a softer spot for the four birdies he got on the last four holes of the Agua Calientes open. . . The 68 brought him \$1,000 in cash, but those four birdies earned him the largest golf prize ever won—\$10,000.

Bob Davis Reveals

Joys and Tribulations of a Trainer No. 1—Why Folks Leave Home.

BREAKING the ties that constitute a definite address, tearing out the roots that fix upon this earth an old homestead, auctioning the lares and penates that have been accumulating for a lifetime, nearly a million once-anchored home dwellers throughout the United States are now occupied with preparations to take up the Bedouin life on the endless trail hither and yon, wherever the spirit listeth and the auto camps are disposed to offer the best accommodations.

My first experience with a concrete illustration of the possibilities in connection with the rolling domestic, now being built at the rate of half a million per annum takes me back to Watertown, N. Y., a week prior to the recent presidential election. Three miles out of town I came upon a spacious trailer coupled to a low-priced car parked in a grove of pine trees. An elderly woman was mending a child's garment. Beside her sat a husky mongrel dog with quick eyes and good teeth. I stopped to make an inquiry. "Sorry not to help you; I'm a stranger here," she replied, "just another stop in my long tour. Shan't see it ever again, I don't suppose."

Unmistakably New England. From what state, I inquired.

"New Hampshire born, educated in Vermont, moved to Maine and married when twenty. That was forty-three years ago. Have two grown sons and one daughter, all married and independent of me, and five grandchildren."

A Wandering Widow.

"A widow these three years. Husband left some insurance and a nice old homestead, with which we had our hands full for twenty-five years. I simply couldn't stand the place after he had gone. And so, one morning without asking anybody's opinion, I went down town and bought a small car, which I learned to drive; a matter of two weeks, with reasonable safety and comfort. You'll never know what a joy it was to get away from that house where I slaved and cooked and dusted for nearly forty years, looking out on the same garden, the same picket fence and the same neighbors; and hearing the same gossip. Sakes alive, you'll never know."

Dropping the garment in her lap, she eyed me critically.

"Oh, yes, I know all about the small town program. What did you do with your problem?"

"Sold the old homestead, auctioned off the worthless accumulation of household effects, bought a trailer for \$900 and went on the road, taking with me on each tour a pair of grandchildren and Barney, my watchdog. I'm on the way South and will catch up with warm weather before the next President has finished his plans for rebuilding the White House.

Two children, a boy and a girl in their early teens came out of the wandering bungalow to remind grandma that the lunch hour was approaching.

"Yes, my dears," she said, putting her sewing aside, "in a few moments we will sit down together, not forgetting Barney."

Costs \$100 a Month.

"May I ask what is your budget?" "About \$100 a month covers everything. No rent, no taxes, no servants. Only food and gasoline. I do all the cooking, buy fresh eggs, fowl, vegetables and fruit from the farmers, drive my own car, halting when and where I please at a cost never exceeding a dollar a week for parking space. When anybody asks more, I go my way to a more agreeable landlord. I look forward to ten more years of trailing with my grandchildren, who will know more about the United States at the end of that time than I knew when I was in my sixtieth year. As for myself, I am a healthy and contented woman, glad to be alive and without the shackles of a fixed place of residence and all that it calls for in monotony and responsibility. Won't you join us for luncheon?"

A hundred yards down the road I turned back to see the free and independent trio waving farewell, grandmother standing between the two children like a silent figure . . . upon a peak at Darien . . . These are the new argonauts for whom the trails are already broken. To them the points of the compass mean nothing. Guided only by the heart's desire, they drift, disdaining all sense of direction. They are the whimsical wanderers gathering in their chariots for a crusade, the precise nature of which is still a mystery. Will they find the promised land? Who can say?

So, in an earnest effort to shed a modicum of light upon the subject, I am off for a two months' tour on the trail of the trailers, moving like themselves wherever the mood invites and the story unfolds.

—WNU Service.

Simplicity That Intrigues



THIS is the problem: Sister wants to entertain the Girl Scouts, it's Julie's turn to have the Bid-or-Bid club and Rose insists she can't put off the Laff-a-Lots a minute longer. And each of them has just finished a new dress and is anxious to wear it for the occasion.

Sister's Choice.

Sister's bit of intrigue is, as you can see, a dress worth wanting to show off (Pattern 1223). It is made of velveteen this time and a little later on she's going to blossom out in a bright crisp gingham version for school. The smart collar, flattering flared skirt and puff sleeves are good reasons for this frock's popularity. It comes in sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 40 bust). Size 14 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material, plus 1/4 yard contrasting. With long sleeves 4 1/2 yards required.

New Pattern Book.

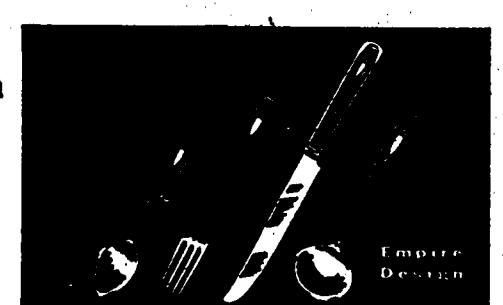
Send for the Barbara Bell Spring and Summer Pattern Book. Make yourself attractive, practical and becoming clothes, selecting designs from the Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Interesting and exclusive fashions for little children and the difficult junior age; slenderizing, well-cut patterns for the mature figure; afternoon dresses for the most particular young women and matrons and other patterns for special occasions are all to be found in the Barbara Bell Pattern Book. Send 15 cents (in coins) today for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third street, New York, N. Y. Patterns 15 cents (in coins) each.

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PLEASE ACCEPT THIS Magnificent 4-PIECE SILVER SET

for only
25c complete with
your purchase
of one can of
B. T. Babbitt's
Nationally Known
Brand of Lye



This lovely pure silver-plated Set—knife, fork, spoon and a small container in antique Empire design offered solely to get you to try the new brands of Lye with 100 uses, shown at right. Use Lye for cleaning clogged and frozen drain pipes, for making finer soap, for sweetening swell, etc. You'll use no other Lye when you've tried one of these brands.

OFFER GOOD WITH EITHER BRAND

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third street, New York, N. Y. Patterns 15 cents (in coins) each.

TEAR OUT THIS ADVERTISEMENT AS A REMINDER

ADVERTISED BARGAINS

OUR readers should always remember that our community merchants cannot afford to advertise a bargain unless it is a real bargain. They do advertise bargains and such advertising means money saving to the people of the community.

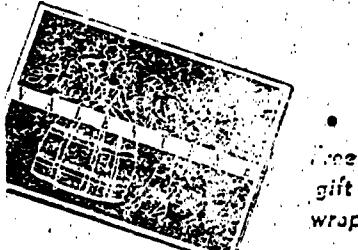


You'll want a really lovely gift for the object of your affections. We suggest...

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY

Because its famed quality will win her. Because she'll love its sheerness, its dull, rich beauty. Because the charming gift wrap is a Valentine in itself. We'll be glad to assist you in making your selection. Correct new shades in sheer chiffons and semi-servies.

\$1.00 per pair



Butterfield's Store
Antrim, N. H.

Post Office

Mail Schedule in Effect September 28, 1936

Going North	
Mails Close	7.20 a.m.
" "	3.45 p.m.
Going South	
Mails Close	11.40 a.m.
" "	3.50 p.m.
" "	6.20 p.m.
Office closes at	8.00 p.m.

The Clinton Studio

Photo Finishing

Through Butterfield's Store
or Theodore Caughey
Antrim, New Hampshire

Rubberoid Shingles

Roll Roofing, Roof Paint, Roof Cement, Roofing Nails, Common Nails. Estimates on any roofing job. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Arthur W. Proctor
Tel. 77 - Antrim

Cheshire Oil Company

Range and Fuel Oil

Call
Frank Harlow
Peterboro
356

Place of the Signal Fire

By Clyde Franklin Berry

Near the top of Crotched mountain in Franconia, as on many other eastern peaks, is the ancient signal fire place which was used by the American Indian in conveying important information to their respective tribes. At this particular place the ledge is deeply scarred and colored by the heat of many fires:

Where rises a bold rocky summit
In the realms of the wind and the sky,
Is a record in stone,
To the rabble unknown—
Just a place where the elements vie:
Per adventure I came to find it.
This old Indian signal fire place,
Its primordial light,
Both by day and by night.
Had protected the strength of a race.
With eye like the eagle, the red man
Scanned the distant horizons to learn
Any sinister clue,
And his Bashaba knew
They were ready, should signal fires
burn.

A kind of visible telegraph;
Just a language of smoke-talk and
flame.
Yet the signs did not fail
Any eye on the trail,
Ere the hordes of the enemy came.

No more does this primitive beacon
Lend its flash to the Indian's will,
For like him, it is gone.

To the country beyond.
Where all signals are silent . . .
and still . . .

Whenever I gaze in the distance,
And discover this mountain terrain,
I survey all the sky
With a reverent eye—
But I look for a signal in vain.

The Oyster Speaks

No longer will the oyster be destined to fulfill a silent role. Its shell has been found to be of great value in amplifying sound when ground up and cemented together. It was first used for its acoustic effects in constructing one of the auditoriums in a government building after bureau of standards tests proved its worth.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Pay Monkey Bounty

Monkeys which were landed on the island of St. Kitts, British West Indies, from a stranded French trading ship have become a menace to the sugar planters, whose canefields they raid. The result is the payment of a bounty of six pence per tail, which provides a living for "monkey gunners" who stalk the simians in the high forests of Mount Misery.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss.
Court of Probate

To the heirs at law of the estate of Warren W. Coombs, late of Antrim, in said County, deceased, intestate, and to all others interested therin:

Whereas Oliver M. Wallace, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County, the final account of his administration of said estate:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be held in Peterborough, in said County, on the 26th day of February next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

Said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by causing the same to be published once each week for three successive weeks in the Cheshire Reporter, a newspaper printed at Antrim, in said County, the last publication to be at least seven days before said Court:

Given at Nashua in said County, this 26th day of January, A.D. 1937.

By order of the Court,
WILFRED J. BOISCLAIR,
11-3t Register.

"OUR BEAUTY SHOPPE"

Telephone 66

Main Street

Antrim, New Hampshire

"When Better Waves Are Given, We'll Give Them!"

The Antrim Reporter
ANTRIM NEW HAMPSHIRE
Published Every Thursday

H. W. ELDREDGE
Editor and Publisher
Nov. 1, 1892 — July 9, 1936

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One year, in advance \$2.00
Six months, in advance \$1.00
Single copies 5 cents each

ADVERTISING RATES
Births, marriages and death notices inserted free.

Card of Thanks 75¢ each.

Resolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.

Display advertising rates on application.

Notices of Concerts, Plays, or Entertainments to which an admission fee is charged, must be paid for at regular advertising rates, except when all of the printing is done at The Reporter's office, when a reasonable amount of free publicity will be given. This applies to surrounding towns as well as Antrim.

Obituary poetry and flowers charged at advertising rates.

Not responsible for errors in advertisements but corrections will be made in subsequent issues.

The government now makes a charge of two cents for sending a Notice of Change of Address. We would appreciate it if you would Mail Us a Card at least a week before you wish your paper sent to a different address.

Entered at the Postoffice at Antrim, N. H., as second-class matter, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Thursday, February 11, 1937

Antrim Locals

Antrim Locals

Winslow Sawyer spent the week end at his home here.

Mrs. Hattie Peaslee is visiting in Greenfield for a few weeks.

John Munhall and Archie Perkins were in Bedford on business Tuesday.

Mrs. Frank Dole has returned to Miss Nellie McKay's after spending a three weeks' vacation in Burlington, Vermont.

Miss Mary Munhall has been staying at the home of her cousin, John Munhall, while recovering from an attack of the grippe.

There were no sessions of the public schools in Seattle, Wash., on Monday, on account of the great amount of snow, the result of the Jan. 31 blizzard.

Feb. 1st drew the curtain on the trapping season. You can't trap fur bearers till Nov. 1st unless this legislature makes other dates. Fur bearers are fox, mink, skunk, marten, otter, muskrat. Watch papers for the exception on the fox.

State Women Enlist To Fight Cancer

The Women of Southern New Hampshire in co-operation with the rest of the state and the United States are mobilizing a unit of the Women's Field Army of the American Society for the Control of Cancer. The state unit is being commanded by Mrs. Harry N. Smith of Durham. Her Vice-Commander in the Southern New Hampshire area is Mrs. Harry M. Morse of Peterborough, and Mrs. Bertrice Grant is secretary.

The organization of the Women's Field Army is reaching every county, town and hamlet in this country in a gigantic educational move against one of the greatest menaces of life: cancer.

In this war to save life, a woman's army is particularly fitting; first, because women suffer more from the disease than men; second, because women are the natural guardians of the family health. So without guns, without uniforms, and without poison gas, a war is being launched, a war to save human life. The Women's Field Army is marching under the slogan "Early Cancer is Curable. Fight it with Knowledge."

Hiking 150 Years Old

Hiking is not modern, according to information revealed in London. It was called "pedestrianism" over a century ago, but the pastime was the same, according to a description in the Sporting Magazine, published in 1792. The opening paragraph of the article on pedestrianism declares that it is "an exercise which . . . has lately risen into much notice." It relates that Foster Powell, of Leeds, for a hundred-guinea wager, walked from London to York and back in five days, in the middle of November. He afterward accomplished several similar feats, and in his fifty-seventh year was still taking on beta. In 1765, according to the magazine, "a young woman went from Blencoe in Scotland to within two miles of Newcastle in one day, which is about 72 miles."

Effort Brings Progress
Whenever you find progress you find effort.

"guess who" dinners



By BETTY BARCLAY

St. Valentine's Day is a day of magic and delight for lovers both young and old. Surely nothing can be more exciting than those cryptic cards the postman brings, with their mysterious signature of "Guess Who" concealing an identity well-loved, or perhaps . . . unsuspected!

"Guess Who" day dinners are fun, too—for they offer more opportunity for amusing games and unusual dishes than any other holiday meal of the year. Dainty croquettes, luscious cakes, a cake or small cup cakes to serve with the holiday punch . . . all are welcome tidbits that can be served with tiny candy hearts as decorations, carrying out the motif of sweethearts' day.

Lima Croquettes

2 cups cooked, dried Limas
1/2 cup cream
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon poultry seasoning
1 tablespoon tomato catsup
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1/4 teaspoon powdered sage
1 egg, slightly beaten

1 cup dry bread crumbs
Rub Limas through a coarse strainer. Add crumbs, cream, salt, pepper, sage and egg. Shape in the form of small cylinders. Roll in crumbs, dip in 1 egg beaten with 2 tablespoons cold water and again roll in crumbs. Fry in deep hot fat (300° F.) until brown, then drain on soft paper. Place on serving plate and garnish with rings of red apple.

Tomato and White Grape Salad

1 package salad gelatin
2 cups tomato juice
1 cup seedless white grapes
Blend 1 cup of tomato juice to a boil. Pour over salad gelatin and stir until dissolved. Add 1 cup cold tomato juice. Chill until mixture begins to thicken, then add white grapes. Pour into a large heart-shaped mold, or mould in a shallow pan and, when firm, cut into 12 small cup cakes.

Magic Nut Cup Cakes

1 cup ground shelled peanuts
1/2 cup sweetened condensed milk

1 egg, separated
1 teaspoon baking powder

Shell peanuts, remove brown skins, and force through food chopper. To ground peanuts, add sweetened condensed milk, egg yolk and baking powder. Blend thoroughly. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg white. Drop by spoonfuls into small size greased cup cake tins. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 20 minutes. Makes 12 small cup cakes.

BANK BY MAIL

HILLSBORO GUARANTY SAVINGS BANK

Incorporated 1889

HILLSBORO, NEW HAMPSHIRE

A Representative of the Hillsboro Banks is in Antrim Wednesday morning of each week

DEPOSITS made during the first three business days of the month draw interest from the first day of the month

HOURS: 9 to 12, 1 to 3; Saturday 8 to 12

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent \$2.00 a Year

FOR YOUR NEXT JOB OF PRINTING
GIVE THE REPORTER OFFICE THE
CHANCE TO DO IT IN A NEAT AND
SATISFACTORY MANNER

EASY WASHERS IRONERS **\$79.95**

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**MODEL 5B
EASY WASHER**
with EASY'S new Turbulator washing action that guarantees genuine 3-ZONE cleaning.

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balloon-type wringer rolls, semi-soft for protection to clothes, semi-hard for thoroughness.

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takes the other half of the work out of wringing. Easy to operate "feather-touch" controls.

AT ANY OF OUR STORES

PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY
of New Hampshire

Bennington

Congregational Church
Rev. J. W. Logan, Pastor
Morning Service at 11 o'clock.

Rev. Lloyd Yeagle will be the guest speaker at the Parsonage next Sunday evening.

The silver tea held at the home of Miss Frieda Edwards recently was well attended, and a quilt was started for the church fair, which will be held in August.

The Sportamans Club held its regular monthly meeting last Thursday evening, preceded by a supper. Mr. Hallinan of Concord, who was expected to show some moving pictures was unable to be present.

Two new members were received into the Grange on Tuesday evening. District Deputy George Frye will be present at the next meeting, February 23, for inspection, when the third and fourth degrees will be worked.

Bennington, with a quota of \$76.00 for the flood sufferers, sent a check for \$200.00 to the Red Cross; \$180.00 from the canvas and \$70.00 from the reserve fund. There was a more ready response and more individual givers than in any call for a long time.

Wisdom
No man is the wiser for his learning: It may administer matter to work in, or objects to work upon; but wit and wisdom are born with a man.—Kansas City Star.

Horrible Thought
A letter delivered in London arrived two days before the date as shown on the postmark. It is terrifying to think that bills may arrive before they are sent.—Humorist.

SCHOOL BOARD NOTICE

The School Board of Bennington meets regularly, in the School Building, on the third Friday evening of each month at 7:30, to transact school district business and to hear all parties.

Philip E. Knowles
Martha L. Weston
Doris M. Parker
Bennington School Board

Executor's Notice

The subscriber gives notice that she has been duly appointed Executrix of the Will of J. Lambert Weston, late of Hancock, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.

Dated February 1, 1937.

Mildred A. Weston,
12-81 Hancock, N. H.

Church Notes

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. Wm. McN. Kittredge, Pastor

Thursday, February 11
Prayer meeting at 7:30 p.m. The topic for discussion is "Facing Life the Right Way," Luke 12: 18-31.

Friday, February 12
The "World Day of Prayer" meeting for ladies of the village will be held in the vestry of the Presbyterian church at 3 o'clock.

Sunday, February 14
Morning worship at 10:45 o'clock.
"Race Relations Sunday" will be fittingly observed with a special sermon by the pastor on "Christian Brotherhood."

Sunday School at 12 o'clock.
Union Vesper service at 5 o'clock in this church. The pastor will preach on "Knowing God."

The Young People's Fellowship will meet at 6 o'clock in the vestry of this church.

Baptist

Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor

Thursday, February 11
Prayer Meeting at 7:30 p.m. Topic:

"The Way Up," Mark 10: 32-34.

Roll Call Sunday, February 14

Church School at 9:45 o'clock.

Morning worship at 11 o'clock. The pastor will preach on "Witnesses".

Crusaders meet at 4 o'clock.

Little Stone Church on the Hill

Antrim Center

Rev. J. W. Logan, Pastor

Sunday School at 9 a.m.

Sunday morning worship at 9:45.

East Antrim

Vaughn Cochrane spent the week end at home here from his work in Franklin.

Carroll White spent last week in Boston attending the Sportsman Show and other points of interest. Hotel Lenox was his stopping place.

Miss Hilda Cochrane returns to school this week after an absence while entertaining the mumps.

Mr. and Mrs. Edson Tuttle attended the Sportsman's Show in Boston one day last week.

We hope and believe that next week the bridge under construction will be open to the public.

Court-leet in English Law
Court-leet in English law is a local customary court with a limited criminal jurisdiction.

**THREE-QUARTERS of a MILLION MILES
—TO BRING THE WORLD TO YOU**

... and Bob Davis Is Still Traveling

His assignment is to keep moving until he has viewed all there is of this globe . . . his instructions are to see everything, everywhere, and write about it in his own vein.

Since the inauguration of this "keep moving" assignment in 1926, Bob Davis has pursued a course of world girdling that has led him into all countries and all zones. He has traveled 700,000 miles, written 2,500 newspaper columns, eight Bob Davis' Travel Books, a life of O. Henry, and has covered most of the habitable globe.

His column, "Bob Davis Reveals," carries you with him everywhere.

READ IT REGULARLY IN THIS PAPER

Termed by Robert Ripley "the most widely traveled newspaper correspondent on earth," Bob Davis began his career on the Carson, Nev., Appeal in 1887. From there his journalistic trail led him to metropolitan dailies in San Francisco and New York. In 1903 he became a magazine editor under Frank A. Munsey.

During the next quarter of a century he sought out and brought into the public eye dozens of our foremost fiction writers including, to mention just a few, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Fannie Hurst, Dorothy Canfield, Octavia Roy Cohen, Zane Grey, and Arthur Sommers Roche.

In 1926 the New York Sun gave him his assignment to "cover the world." His weekly column has brought him universal praise for the manner in which he sets down in printed words the pictures and images that flash before him, with so much of truth and youthful enthusiasm that the reader may catch color, taste and feel of the things described.

WATCH FOR BOB DAVIS EVERY WEEK

Sally Sane's KITCHEN CLUB**The Man of It**

Dear Club Members:

ONCE each year the Madison Square Boys' Club in New York City holds a cooking contest for its members. No less an epicure than Oscar of the Waldorf is judge. For the past few years, I have made it a point of interviewing the winning contestant.

I remember how one of these young men—Angelo Sferrazza by name, and a whole fourteen years old—gravely informed me that for intelligent shopping of food, it was more important to know the weight of fresh fruits and vegetables rather than their count or measure.

Angelo's mother, I discovered, was running her home at that time on what nutritionists call a "low cost food order"; yet it was really inspiring to learn what intelligent food planning there was in that home. Here's what Angelo told me:

"We have about three quarts of milk every day, and we use an awful lot of vegetables and fruits. We use the vegetables in all kinds of salads and we use a lot of cooked vegetables too. We have meat three to four times a week. And every Friday we have fish. On Thursdays and Sundays we always have spaghetti. All our desserts are ones made with milk like jello and rice pudding and bread puddings and custards. We eat a lot of bananas and apples, and when they don't cost too much, oranges. The same with tomatoes. When tomatoes are expensive, then we use canned tomatoes. Of course, that's not everything we eat, but it's sort of a general picture, you know!"

A mighty good one, if you ask me!

Next week, I am going to give you Angelo's prize-winning recipe on "Spaghetti Napoletana." I get hungry just thinking about it . . . that good!

Sally Sane**Little Eva's Birthday**

Mrs. Cordelia Howard MacDonald, the original Little Eva of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the dramatized version of Harriet Beecher Stowe's abolitionist novel, quietly passed her 89th birthday Monday at her home in Belmont. The first presentation of the play was when Mrs. MacDonald was four years old, and she "retired" when she was 12 years old, having played the part thousands of times in this country and in England, Scotland and Ireland. Her only immediate relative is a brother, Walter Howard, one of the selectmen of the town of Bourne.

EXOTIC STAR

DOLORES DEL RIO, popular screen star and leading woman, is known as the "Orchid Lady of Hollywood." On her return from England several months ago, where she went to make a picture, Miss Del Rio was immediately assigned to the feminine lead in "The Depths Below," with Richard Dix and Charles Morris. She has just completed this role and will shortly start on her next production.

Poetry A Blind

A poet wrote a merry rhyme, And all who read it said, "how fine," His merry mood was oft a lack, He smiled to keep the teardrops back.

Another wrote a sweet love song, And spoke no word of grief or wrong,

They did not know or even guess, His heart was filled with loneliness.

Some wrote of home and peace within, That hath not either kith or kin, And so it goes you'll often find, That poetry is just a blind.

Do not judge poets, by their verse, Sonetimes when things could be no worse, They write in merry mood awhile, To try and make some sad heart smile.

So sad ones write kind words of cheer, And gay ones write of grief and fear, For all things are not what they seem, A poet's life is made of dreams.

And so I often pause and say, Why do such strange things come our way?

Our hearts should be an open book, That all the world could therein look.

So when you read a merry rhyme, One you enjoy and think is fine, The writer may have many fears, His be the smile that comes thru tears.

Proctor Says:

To answer a letter signed with W. T. K. will say that the state of New Hampshire has a law with a very heavy fine for the placing of any poison where wild animals or birds or domestic animals can find same.

Some weeks ago I said that only one party was banding birds in this section since the passing of Mr. Melzer of Milford. A few days ago I had a call from Mr. Melzer's son who is living in Massachusetts who says he is carrying on his father's work in the banding of wild birds. Just a short time ago he caught a small wild bird that had not been seen in this section for three years. We are very much pleased that someone is carrying on this wonderful work.

GLAMOROUS GOWN WITH SKIRTS SWIRLING

The new vogue for skirts swirling to unmeasurable lengths is illustrated in this glamorous gown of black net which Miss Barbara Lee, New York society girl, wore at a recent fashionable event.

Here and There!

Up to Jan. 30 there were 48 "flood babies" born in emergency hospitals in the Ohio flood district.

The radio has certainly proved its great value in the awful calamity of the Ohio river valley floods, which would have had even greater horrors had it not been for this modern invention.

Thursday, Feb. 4, was the 35th birthday of Col. Charles Augustus Lindbergh, quietly celebrated at his home, Sevenoaks, England. The brief speech of Lindbergh last July during his Berlin trip which aroused world comment should not be forgotten. While addressing enthusiastic Nazi aviators at Gen. Hermann Goering's luxurious air club the Colonel made a moving plea that aviation should be the servant of peace and progress instead

of the messenger of war and destruction. He declared: "The union of force and reason—that is the responsibility and the task of aviation."

Many old customs are passing away in China under the enlightened political regime of that country. National authorities are planning to take the noise and grotesqueness out of funeral processions which were once as much a part of the entertainment life of China as theatricals and dragon boat races. Henceforth funeral parades will be less raucous, for the new regulations limit processions to three musical units, brass bands or native fiddle orchestras. And missing from corteges will be the paper mache lions, tigers, elephants and representations of popular deities which formerly headed such processions, for these come under the heading of superstitious practices now frowned upon.

Goodbye, Mr. Gloom!

... We're a jolly bunch of renegades . . . our sole purpose in life is to give Old Man Gloom the gate and usher in Mr. Sunshine by way of a million laughs. Turn to the Funny Page in every issue and let us help dispel those troubles!

• No man can really live by bread alone. Yes, we admit he'll EXIST, but there will be heavy lines of care running down his face, he'll forget how to smile.

• Verily, we humans need a few hearty guffaws now and then to chase away those wrinkles of care and give our spirits a lift. That's why this newspaper runs a collection of laugh-provoking comic strips on the Funny Page. Amid the depressing news of floods and earthquakes, crime and war, economic troubles and a host of other maladjustments on the face of Mr. World, it's a pleasant relaxation to shut your eyes on the day's bad tidings.

• You can get a joyful lift in spirits from the comics. We invite our readers to take a big swallow of this bottled sunshine. Turn to the Funny Page right now and forget your troubles!

• Our comic characters are a versatile lot, as you'll notice by glancing down the accompanying panel. If you want to chuckle over real troubles, turn to C. M. Payne's strip "S'Matter Pop," and see what a whale of an order he has to keep these boys of his under control . . . Or glance at the adventures of the intellectual Adamson, as drawn by O. Jacobsson.

• Something that will truly draw tears—of laughter— are Guyas Williams' mischievous but lovable youngsters, Junior and the Baby . . . Then there's "Finney of the Force," by Ted O'Loughlin, as comical and as true-to-life an Irisher as ever flipped a night stick . . . Life out in Cactus Center, as described in S. L. Huntley's "Meccal Ike," has its exciting moments when its rip roaring citizens are on the loose . . . And when it comes to "The Featherheads," by Osborne, they speak for themselves. In fact, that's the best thing they do!

• Let these bearers of fun whittle your blues down to size. Toss trouble right out the window and get a new lease on life through the comic page—turn to it right now!

MURDER MASQUERADE

By
INEZ HAYNES IRWIN
Copyright Inez Haynes Irwin
WNU Service.

SYNOPSIS

Mary Avery, a widow who lives in the hamlet town of Saugus, Mass., with two negro girls, Sarah Darbe and Bessie Williams, writes a manuscript describing the famous Second Head Master, which occurred on her estate. Next to Mary live Mr. and Mrs. Peter Stow who every year give a summer masquerade party. One of the guests of this function is murdered. Nearby live Dr. and Mrs. Geary and their married daughter Edith and her husband Alfred Bray; Doctor Myron Marden and his step-granddaughter Caro Prentiss, a beautiful young girl who was born in France. Near live Paul and Lora Eames and their daughter Molly. Molly's mother died in the murder of Ace Blaikie. She had been engaged to Walter Treadway, who had been the murdered man's secretary, but the engagement was suddenly broken and he had left town. Other neighbors are the Fairweather sisters, Flora, a hopeless invalid and Margaret. All but the latter two attended the masquerade. Mary's eight-year-old niece, Sylvia Sard is visiting her for the summer. The wooded part of Mary's estate is called the Spiney. In it is a tiny log cabin. Near a stone wall is a tiny circular pond called the Merry Mere.

FRIDAY—Continued

The day of the Stow masquerade is always frightfully exciting. Everybody is at home frantically putting the last touches or more frantically putting the first touches to his costume. And yet, invariably my telephone buzzes all day. This fear it was, "Oh, Mary, do you happen to have any black velvet ribbon about an inch wide . . . ?" "Oh thank goodness!" "Mary, do you happen to have a white dress of any description—I want to use it for a foundation—lace, chiffon, crepe de chine . . . ?" "You're quite right! I'll never throw any dress away again!" . . . "I'll send right over for it."

Of course I remember every detail of the day of this masquerade. In the first place, I keep a diary of sorts, and I always scribble a few lines in it before I go to bed. In the second place, less than twenty-four hours after the party we were all scraping our memories to dig out of them every detail of that fateful Friday. And then it happens that, year after year, on the day of this most important social event of the season, my household arrangements fall into the same pattern. All day long my two maids are at the Stow house, helping Mattie's two maids to get the big house ready for dancing and to prepare the delicious food which Mattie always serves. Bessie Williams, my cook, comes back at noon to bring me my luncheon on a tray and Sarah Darbe, my second maid, returns at night to prepare my simple dinner and to fuss about me while I dress. My maids are the only people in Saugus who ever see my costume before I appear in it.

These two women have been in my employ—I prefer to say have been members of my household—for many years; Sarah for a little more than twenty; Bessie for a little less.

Bessie is a simple, loyal being, much darker than Sarah, short and very stout—a warm, dark balloon of a woman—plentifully dimpled, still wearing her hair in the braided kinky masses which marked it when I first engaged her. Sarah is coffee-colored, slender and shapely. Sarah takes as much care of her complexion, her teeth and her figure as I do. Her taste in clothes is impeccable—quiet, becoming. When I go to Europe I always bring back to Sarah something to wear from Paris. Moreover, as fast as I finish a book or a magazine I hand over to Sarah. We discuss articles and stories.

This summer, as I have said, my niece Sylvia Sard was staying with me.

Sylvia is eight years old. She is the youngest daughter of my youngest sister. The Sards had gone to Europe on a two-months' business trip. I have several nieces and nephews but Sylvia is my favorite. It is not because she is the youngest—although she is the youngest—or the prettiest—but because she is the most enchanting. She is a friendly little being and chatty; but that is only part of her charm. She possesses to an extraordinary degree the astute observation of children, that primitive, plastic, naked quality of mind which graves pictures so deeply on the memory.

But friendliness and that special intelligence are by no means all of Sylvia's charm. I find it hard to describe a certain precocious quality. There are moments when—because of casual originality of expression, an accidental wisdom in thought, an unexpected piqueness of phrase—every child seems a genius. In her very babyhood, Sylvia said many things of the type which adoring relatives always treasure. But when I say she has something that I have never seen in other children, I do not refer to that sort of thing. It is an unknown quality—an X. Perhaps that X is merely a common sense, astonishing in one so young. Whatever it is, I find myself talking with Sylvia exactly as though she were of my own age.

It was a remark that Sarah Darbe had made several days before which put it into my head to take Sylvia to the masquerade. Of course, Sylvia had begged me to do it, as she had begged the

preceding year, and of course I had refused her this year as I had done—on the plea that children never went. What Sarah said was, "Wouldn't it be cute if Sylvia could go as your child, Mrs. Avery? I mean dressed exactly like you." Of course I will confess now that I had been packing my brain for an excuse to take her. And instantly I made up on my mind that I would take her—but keep her there only until the unmasking.

The moment I came to this decision Sarah and I rushed up the narrow wooden staircase to the attic and began turning over the things in the huge costume trunk. In fifteen minutes, we had got to work. The long and short of this story is that before that afternoon was over, we had thrown together a costume for Sylvia which, as exactly as possible, followed the lines of mine.

Had I not taken Sylvia to the party—I have often wondered since—how soon, if ever, would we have discovered who killed Ace Blaikie? Perhaps the truth would have come out in time, certainly not so soon. Nobody in Saugus makes calls on the afternoon of this important day. And so it was with a groan of quite hypocritical self-pity—for I was really conscious of a pleasurable excitement—that I saw Molly Eames's roadster come curving into the driveway about two o'clock. Caro Prentiss was with her.

"We know just how welcome we are, Aunt Mary," Molly announced cheerfully as they came onto the piazza steps, "but we knew it was worse to go home. Everybody is so busy and so snappish the after-



"Here Comes Ace, Molly!" She Exclaimed.

noon of the masquerade that I become practically a pariah. Who could bear to watch us peacefully taking a cool drink?"

"You can have all the cool drinks you want," I assured her, "if you'll get them yourself."

"How does it happen, Mrs. Avery," Caro asked me, "that you're not working on your costume? Everybody else in Saugus is—that is except Molly and myself."

"Mine has been finished for many days," I answered.

"So has Molly's," Caro replied. "And I brought mine from Europe. Lucky me! I've not had to put a stitch in anything."

I remember thinking that this was the first time Molly had not worked on her costume until the moment she put it on. Molly's costumes were events. I wondered why she was so fore-handed this year.

Presently Molly returned with a tray loaded with bottles, glasses and ice.

As I sipped my ginger ale, I studied the two types. They presented a marvelous contrast.

Molly Eames is one of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen. A Botticelli, but a robust Botticelli. Flesh white as a gardenia's petal but rich and thick; hair pale gold but thick and deeply waved, stiff like a brilliant pliable wire; eyes pale blue and silken-lashed, but with a strange compelling quality.

As she lounged in my great, peacock-backed wicker chair I noticed what carnival the sun was exciting in the big diamond on her left hand—Ace Blaikie's engagement ring. I noticed, above all, that although she did not look tired, she looked wrong—mentally weary I mean. Yet her eyes stoned. Often their gaze set for an instant on the distant view; but they were not studying it; they were watching something that was going on within herself.

Talk went on lazily between us three. I am one of those who is always thrilled by beauty in other women. No more beautiful pair ever sat on my piazza.

Caro was a perfect contrast to Molly. In color she is all brown and reds; reddish brown hair; tiny brown freckles; warm red lips. Her features are piquant but her profile is as perfectly marked off as though drawn with a ruler. I love to follow the straight line of her

brow, the tip-tilted line of her nose, culminating in the sculpturesque combination of short upper lip, curved lower one and cleft delicate chin.

I liked our lazy chat. Caro was doing most of the talking. Molly's preoccupation permitted me to study her closely. Molly had, I was sure, power-power of many sorts above all tremendous will-power. I like to think of the iron interior under the sheath of her pell-mell beauty. Caro's talkativeness permitted me to enjoy what was her most fascinating quality—bounding, abounding vitality.

Caro possessed that understanding and sympathy which makes for tact. I felt that she sensed her friend's preoccupation; that she was trying to cover it up. I helped her.

"You like America, Caro," I drew her out. "You would like to live here always?"

"Oh yes!" Caro exclaimed. "Oh yes! It has opened a whole new world to me and a whole new life."

Caro's quick ears caught before mine the sound of an automobile turning into the drive. "Here comes Ace, Molly!" she exclaimed.

It seemed to me I read into her voice a faint note of warning.

As though Caro herself caught and regretted that involuntary cry, she added in a casual tone, "In Mr. Hexson's car. And my beloved granddad's with them."

"I knew as well as you two girls where to go for a drink," Ace Blaikie threw out of the murmur of greetings. He seated himself between Molly and Caro. Doctor Marden chose a seat beside me.

That was the last time those three men were to sit on my piazza together. All wore the Legion d'Honneur. Doctor Marden, himself a tall man, the shortest of the three, appeared first. He wore his abundant silvery hair straight back from his forehead. On his chin lay an imperial, still black. A thin aquiline nose cut like the blade of a scimitar out of the planes of his face. His black eyes, extremely fine, lighted a long, pallid, pearl-shaped face. Those eyes were definitely sad and yet they watched all the time. Watched what? I didn't know then what they watched.

Next came Ace—noticeably tall man. Though in the late forties, Ace retained his magnificent figure, although his golden curls were shot with white and his face had developed lines, he was still one of those men you would turn to look at in the street.

Tallest of all was Bruce Hexson. Physically, he differed as widely from Ace as he did in character and personality. He was big with enormous, muscular, stooped shoulders. In some aspects—standing straight—his figure recalled statues of Lincoln; in others—crouching over—he looked like a grizzly bear. His huge head was made huger by the tangled, dark shag of his hair. His hazel eyes—once brilliant, now luminous—lay like lonely lakes in the depths of great hollows.

As usual, when Ace entered a company, he became its center. Insensibly our talk focused upon him. Bruce Hexson sat very quiet, a silent absent, as one drifting in and out of the conversation. Myron Marden threw in an occasional comment. Occasionally Ace's glance rested on Molly for an instant. I noted a new element in his look and I did not like it—a triumphant possessiveness.

In spite of Ace's vivacity, a constant strain had fallen upon us. Caro Prentiss had completely quieted; a veil of reserve seemed to deaden her animation. Bruce Hexson's eyes wandered from Ace's face to the distant marsh and there set to a preoccupied serenity.

I, conscious of conflicting psychological currents in my little party, was beginning to develop social embarrassment when diversion came. I caught the scamper of Sylvia's little feet over the lawn as she came up from the pool. She came racing up the steps, carrying her favorite doll—Dorinda Belle.

"Who is Sylvia?" Ace greeted her. "Come here!"

Sylvia went to him unhesitatingly; perched on the high knee to which he invited her. From the precocious height she responded with her shy composure to all their greetings.

"How is Dorinda Belle?" Ace asked.

"She's very well, thank you," Sylvia answered in her prim, conventional little-girl way.

Dorinda Belle had been my doll. Now she is Sylvia's. Sylvia possesses all kinds of dolls—but of them all she loves Dorinda Belle best. Why I don't know. Dorinda Belle possesses a sawdust-filled, cloth body, a china head, china arms, china legs. Her hair is painted on her skull in great jet-black waves which part in the middle and scallop over her forehead. Her blue eyes stare. Her red lips simper. But somehow she is a real doll and subconsciously Sylvia recognizes that. Ace knows Dorinda Belle. Once, during a call which was purely social, Sylvia told Ace that Dorinda Belle was ill. Ace solemnly took her pulse and temperature and wrote out a prescription.

"Are you going to the masquerade tonight?" Ace inquired.

"What a question, Ace!" I came to Sylvia's rescue. "Don't put such ideas into her head!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
By WILLIAM BRUCKART



what
Irvin S. Cobb
thinks
about:

The Flight of Spain.

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.—In the bloody task of utterly destroying herself Spain cannot complain that she lacked for hearty co-operation on the part of some of her sister countries.

Openly or secretly, half of the great European powers are contributing to the bloody ruination, so that, when the finish comes, they'll have spoils or dubious prestige or both and that ill-fated land will be a burying ground and a desolation.

A fellow gets to wondering why this or that government chooses for an emblem some noble Irvin S. Cobb creature when the turkey buzzard or the grave-robbing hyena would be so appropriate.

Fierce winters and devastating floods may be curing us here on this side of the water, but at least we have been spared the affliction of having for our next-door neighbors certain nations.

Kidnappers' Ransom.

IT'S all well enough to pass an act making payment of ransom to a kidnaper a criminal offense—as though heartbroken parents would hesitate to pay ransoms to get their babies back, no matter what the penalty for so doing might be! And can you see any American jury convicting those parents? The author of the law is no doubt well-intentioned but there is another law, called the law of human nature, which most surely would defeat his purposes.

By the way, a person who should know what he's talking about, tells me that three out of every four known kidnapers during recent years have been ex-convicts with records as repeated offenders.

So, instead of trying to penalize agonized parents for obeying a natural instinct, how about a snappy little law to curb certain parole boards which seem to delight in turning 'em out as fast as the courts can clap 'em in?

Optimism De Luxe.

I LIKE the spirit of a gentleman I met in New York who started dredging operations in East river. He set out to dig up a minimum of \$4,800,000 in gold and silver from the ooze, and to date has salvaged 96 cents, two rusty frying pans and a penknife—and is still probing.

For gorgeous optimism I can think of but one case to match this. I was on the French Riviera one summer. They'd been shifting the railroad tracks along the Grand Corniche. This left a disused tunnel. So, week after week, a bearded gentleman sat at one mouth of the empty bore with a sign over his head reading: "This property for sale." When I left he was still there, waiting for somebody who was in the market for a second-hand tunnel.

South American Explorers.

OF RECENT years, those hardy adventurers who set forth to invade the last great unexplored area, interior South America, seem to follow a regular routine, to wit, as follows:

First—They start off.

Second—They get lost.

Third—They are rescued.

But wouldn't it save wear and tear and nervous strain if the rescue expedition went on ahead so it could get settled down in camp all nice and comfortable and be waiting for the explorers when they staggered in, exhausted from toting all those tons of material for future lecture tours? The modern discoverer is gallant, but apparently has no more sense of direction than an egg-beater and seemingly could get lost on top of a marble-top table. Or possibly the tropic sun has an addling effect on the human brain. Anyhow, since nearly always he is in an intact state when rescued, this would seem to indicate that the head-hunters of the Amazonian jungles are now getting fussy about the types of heads they collect.

The Charms of Music.

ACCORDING to a medical professor in Pennsylvania, samples of whisky, when subjected to a musical sound treatment for seven hours, produce a liquor which equals one that has been aged in wood for at least four years. But why get excited about this? I've known certain brands of classical music which, in one evening, have aged a grown man to point where he figures the present Christian era must be about over.

Only a few weeks ago, being softened by the spirit of the approaching holidays, I suffered myself to be lured to a Chopin recital and got jammed in and couldn't escape and finally staggered forth into the night feeling that Methuselah had little if anything on me.

IRVIN S. COBB.

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Ask Me Another A General Quiz

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- What is an incantation?
- What is an antitoxin?
- On what island was the labyrinth of the Minotaur?
- What is a locomotive's pilot sometimes called?
- Does Holy week come before or after Easter?
- Is Japan north or south of the Philippines?
- What does "irascible" mean?
- Who was the first emperor of modern Germany?
- What was the latest territorial acquisition of the United States?
- Who wrote "Old Wives' Tale"?
- What is prunella?
- What large group of British Islands lie southeast of Florida?

Answers

- A formula for magical words.
- A substance neutralizing poison.
- Crete.
- The cow-catcher.
- Before.
- North.
- Prone to anger.
- Wilhelms I.
- The Virgin Islands (bought from Denmark).
- Arnold Bennett.
- A strong cloth.
- The Bahamas.

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OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

A boiled custard poured over peaches or bananas makes a delicious dessert.

Tablecloths that are no longer in use make good cot covers, bed-spreads, or curtains if they are dyed to match the color scheme of the room.

When the teakettle becomes discolored inside, it can be brightened by boiling a clean oyster shell in it.

When laundering sweaters or knitted blouses let dry on cloth or bath towel placed on a flat surface. No ironing is required.

Leather book bindings can be preserved by periodic treatments with an equal mixture of castor oil and paraffin.

Pie crusts will be flakier if a tablespoon of cornstarch is added to the flour used for each pie.

Men's patent leather shoes—dancing pumps, evening shoes, and so on—will last twice as long if they are kept on trees and rubbed with vaseline after use.

Fairy Bread—Two cupfuls flour, one dessertspoon sugar, one teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda, two teaspoonsful cream of tartar, pinch of salt, one egg, half cupful milk (or a little more). Make into a nice light dough, and bake as a loaf in a slow oven.

To remove paint from cotton clothing soak the spot in a solution made of equal parts of ammonia and turpentine. When spot disappears wash garment in soap suds.

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SORE MUSCLES MADE HER ACHE ALL OVER

Feels like a NEW WOMAN NOW

Why suffer with muscular pains of rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, or chest cold? Thousands say HAMILIN'S WIZARD OIL brings quick relief to aching legs, arms, chest, neck, back. Just rub it on—rub it in. Makes the skin glow with warmth—muscles feel soothed—relief comes quick. Pleasant odor. Will not stain clothes. At all draggish.

HAMILIN'S
WIZARD OIL
For MUSCULAR ACHEs AND PAINS
Due to RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,
LUMBAGO, CHEST COLDs

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN.
Used continuously for over forty years. Mother, does your child suffer from Teething or Stomach Distress, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Tonicic Cold, Cough, & Asthma? Send a written Oil and Sample and free Address MOTHER GRAY CO., Le Roy, N. Y.

BRING HOME SOME
KEMP'S BALSA
BOBBY HAS COME
HOME WITH WET FEET AGAIN!

KEMP'S BALSA
FOR THAT COUGH

MONKS PLAN RESCUE CAMP IN HIMALAYAS

Expedition Suffers Hardships to Aid Travelers.

Aosta, Italy.—Fears for the safety of the expedition of the famous hospice situated on Grand St. Bernard ridge, which was engaged in erecting a similar institution on the perpetually snowbound ridges of the western section of the Himalayas, have been allayed with receipt of news about the expedition by the head hospice on the Grand St. Bernard, in the Valais canton, Switzerland.

The mission of the monks of the Grand St. Bernard—a religious congregation founded in the Eleventh century—is to rescue unfortunate climbers who are caught in snowstorms or fall on glaciers while attempting to cross the dangerous pass between Italy and Switzerland. This mission is carried out with the invaluable help of sturdy dogs, especially trained.

Left Three Years Ago.

The expedition, sent by the head hospice to the Himalayas three years ago, comprised two monks, Fathers Coquoz and Melly, a number of lay guides and helpers, and a dozen of the celebrated St. Bernard dogs.

All the members of the expedition and all the dogs are safe and in good health, despite the many hardships connected with their particular mission, according to a report from Father Coquoz, just received by the hospice headquarters.

The expedition had started the erection of a hospice on Mount Sila, a pass more than 12,000 feet high, for the relief of the thousands of pilgrims who cross that ridge annually to visit the famous Tibetan convents. Frequently avalanches or other high altitude accidents bring death to many of these pilgrims.

Ill luck befell work of the expedition, for the edifice, already built in part, was engulfed in a big avalanche and destroyed.

Undaunted, Fathers Coquoz and Melly and their helpers early last summer started the construction of another hospice at La-Tza pass, which is about 400 yards lower than the other crossing. The work had to be suspended when winter set in.

Experiment With Vines.

This did not mean a period of lethargy for the expedition. Its members descended down the valley in the large fertile plateau of Siao-Weisi, where they started several agricultural experiments, especially with cereals and vines. All the efforts of the "monks of the snow"—as the natives call them—have been successful, particularly with vines, which have yielded 54 varieties of grapes.

A peculiar feature of the expedition's activities has been its freedom from molestation by bandits who infest those regions. Having experienced the beneficial effects of the monks' mission, the bandits presumably thought it advisable to leave the missionaries alone.

The populations, thankful for the monks' agricultural teaching, are flocking in large numbers to the experimental fields to learn and have volunteered to help in the completion of the hospice as soon as the weather will permit.

Fossils of Pliocene Age

Are Found in West Texas Canyon, Texas.—Fossil discoveries in the Palo Duro canyon near here may become one of the most valuable in the country, according to C. Stuart Johnston, paleontologist for West Texas State Teachers college.

Ten WPA workers are unearthing the fossils. A camp building for use of workmen and paleontology students will be erected. The pits were discovered two years ago.

"These fossils represent the life of the Pliocene age about five million years ago," said Johnston. "We have found a great variety of animals and they help us fill a wide gap in our pre-history."

Fossils excavated will be assembled and exhibited at the Panhandle-Plains Historical society museum at Canyon. Duplicates will be exchanged with other museums throughout the nation.

Thorn Island Heiress Marries Her Chauffeur

London.—Owner of Thorn Island off the coast of Wales, the rich daughter of George S. H. Pearson of Baynton Hall house, Westbury, England, is the bride of Sidney James Hicks, her boatman and chauffeur.

They are spending their honeymoon on the island, which is secluded and sometimes cut off from the mainland by tempestuous weather. The bridegroom is the son of a local fisherman, whose trade he has followed.

Three years ago the heiress bought the island from the government and converted a fortress on the crest of a hill into a home. During the summer she entertains large parties there. She is connected with a publishing house in London.

Villagers Live Long Shanghai.—A "longevity village" composed of more than 100 persons, virtually all of whom have passed their one-hundred-year mark, has been discovered in the Tating district of Kweichow province.

Lights of New York By L. L. STEVENSON

On the Rebound: In some manner it became known to editorial staff members of the Wall Street Journal that one of their number would have a birthday on a recent date. So they got together and forgetting stocks, bonds, the finances of the world and the Treasury deficit, took counsel among themselves and decided on gifts. When the young man arrived, he found his desk piled high with packages. With snicker-concealing associates gathered around him, he removed various wrappings and thus exposed drums, dolls, tin automobiles, and other articles common to the play of extreme childhood. In other words, they had arranged a fine ribbing. But instead of explosions or even embarrassment, there were expressions of complete satisfaction and in fact gratitude. Discreet questioning disclosed the reason. The newspaperman's children had been repining because he never brought them home any toys!

The Meter Goes 'Round and Around: Though the disc actually cost only 75 cents, the record of "These Foolish Things," now owned by Henry King, is the most expensive in his collection. Heading home in a taxi the other day, the bandmaster suddenly decided that he needed the song for some purpose or other and instructed the driver to stop outside a music store and wait until he made the purchase. Once inside, he and the proprietor got to talking about music and the conversation lasted for hours. When King went outside, the cab was waiting for him with \$8.20 duly charged.

There was nothing to do but pay. So King has decided that in the future he'll buy his records from a music salesman and not a music student.

Life's Like That: The other day, Fred Allen was hurrying along Broadway when a gentleman bumped into him with great force and violence.

"I'm sorry," apologized the older. "But I'm so upset I don't know what I'm doing."

"Come on, fellow," said Allen with a cheery smile. "You go right ahead, do your work and keep your chin up."

"I can't keep my chin up," was the mournful reply.

"Why not?" inquired Allen.

"Because I'm a violin player," was the rejoinder.

Hudson River Scene: Blunt-end ferries passing in mid-stream. Two huge barges of freight cars with a tug between them. Like a mother hen trying to shelter overgrown chicks with inadequate wings. A trim police launch fleeing by leaving a broad trail of white. Waves lapping against piling. The Leviathan rotting at a Hoboken pier. Barges loaded with cattle being towed to slaughter.

A majestic liner, assisted by a fleet of snorting tugs, turning to enter her slip. A little battered and time-worn fishing boat heading out to sea.

Where There's a Will, etc.: A lot of jaded New Yorkers got quite a start the other day. Pauline Holden was the cause. The singer came from the West Coast by airplane and was met by a friend from Ohio. Both were babes in the woods so far as New York traffic was concerned. So they had no end of trouble trying to cross streets. Not for long, however. When they wanted to go to the other side, Miss Holden merely gave a piercing scream which made many a staid New Yorker jump but which halted traffic long enough for her and her friend to cross.

Four-Pound Chicken, or 2½ pounds solid veal or lamb.

1 quart boiling water.

1 onion, sliced.

3 cloves.

4 peppercorns.

1 tablespoon salt.

¼ cup chopped carrots.

1 tablespoon celery leaves.

3 tablespoons butter.

¼ cup flour.

2 cups stock.

2 egg yolks.

¼ cup cream.

2 tablespoons lemon juice or sherry.

1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Cut chicken or meat into pieces for serving, add water, onion, cloves, peppercorns, salt and celery leaves. Bring to boil, cover and simmer for an hour or more until meat is tender. Drain and serve stock for sauce. Melt butter, stir in flour and when well blended, add the stock and stir over the fire until thick and smooth. Beat egg yolks and stir into them the cream and lemon juice or sherry. To this mixture, add a little of the hot sauce and pour back into the hot sauce. Cook two minutes and serve over hot meat. Sprinkle with parsley.

One cup of cooked mushrooms may be added to the sauce if desired.

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Wallflower Coeds

Taught to Swing It

Boston.—"Swing it! That's what Boston university is teaching its students to do so they won't be wallflowers at social events.

Social technique classes are sponsored by the university dean of women, Mrs. Lucy Jenkins Franklin, once a week at the B.U. women's building.

They are spending their honey-moon on the island, which is se-

cluded and sometimes cut off from the mainland by tempestuous weather. The bridegroom is the son of a local fisherman, whose trade he has followed.

Three years ago the heiress

bought the island from the govern-

ment and converted a fortress on

the crest of a hill into a home.

During the summer she entertains

large parties there. She is con-

nected with a publishing house in

London.

The status of 6 per cent of the men

was not listed.

They are spending their honey-

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When Jim Caught the Football Fever

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate,
WNU Service.

"DON'T they look thrilling!" Sam and Leila flourished a pair of pasteboard slips in front of Sue's brown eyes. "Oh, I forgot," she added, "that Jim doesn't care for football."

"Isn't it the limit?" And this time the brown eyes blazed. "When one is a football fan of the first magnitude, and has been reared on football with one's brother, a coach, to have a fiance, otherwise perfectly heavenly, who rates football a bore!"

"It is hard," sympathized Leila, "and if I were you, I should leave him or die in the attempt. What does he suppose football weather was made for?"

The subject was dropped for the time being, but Leila's assertion that Jim should be cured occurred to Sue later and she pondered just what drastic means she could employ to bring about so desirable a reform.

She wondered if brother William, now married and running a hardware store in Rawlinsville, but still acting as a coach on the side for the Rawlins eleven, could help her out. Certainly he was worth a try. So that evening she wrote and posted a bulky letter whose postscript ran: "Above all we must approach him indirectly. Jim is canny enough to shy completely if he suspects."

Brother William's reply must have been all Sue hoped, for the evening of its arrival she began her attack on Jim.

"Do you know, dear," she said plaintively, "I'm rather worn out after the summer. I have half a mind during your vacation to run up to Will's and test. You'll be going off somewhere and I wouldn't see much of you anyway."

Jim — tall, broad-shouldered, clean-cut — regarded her quizzically. "What made you think I was going anywhere?"

"Oh, you'll want to," said Sue airily, "you need a change also. It will only be for about a couple of weeks."

"Well," said Jim, "I had thought perhaps we'd do a little house hunting and furniture buying, but if that's rather —"

Sue had visited her brother exactly three days when Jim's telegram arrived, followed shortly by its sender, who paused a brief moment at the College Inn to deposit his baggage and then hastened to Sue who greeted him with concealed triumph. Indirection had worked thus far.

The following morning, after breakfast (William had collected Jim and his belongings from the inn) Sue remarked that she had letters to write and could not give Jim any company until luncheon. Perhaps Jim could amuse himself for a time.

"I'll look after him," broke in William. "Have a bunch of woddenes to try out. Jim will look them over with me."

Jim acquiesced agreeably, although no doubt secretly wondering just what would-be's were in terms of hardware. Surprisingly, Sue winked at her brother. Things had begun to move.

The two men did not show up until lunch was cold and Sue could not help but notice that Jim seemed strangely dusty and disheveled for a mere onlooker.

"Get Jim to help me out referencing," said William nonchalantly, and Sue let it go at that.

The first game of the season was scheduled for the day prior to Sue's intended departure for home. The time was short and William duly neglected his hardware affairs to work up a creditable team. Jim tagged along also, and to Sue's pleased surprise seemed always ready as William to get down to the field.

But not until the day of the game itself did any word of football pass between Sue and Jim. Then, "I'd like," she said hesitatingly, "to go to the game this afternoon, if you could possibly find something to occupy you."

"Go to the game? Something to occupy me?" echoed Jim, staring blankly.

"Of course, you're going to the game. I'm only sorry I can't sit with you, but your brother has asked me to be the timekeeper. It's a great game, Sue. Really, it's wonderful!"

Some months later Sue met Leila and in the course of conversation football was mentioned.

"I hear," said Leila, "that Jim has become an ardent rooter. I suppose you are delighted."

"Well—maybe," sighed Sue. Then, at the other's look of surprise she went on to explain: "You see, I always wanted Jim to get interested so that we could go to the games together. But—do we? Quite the contrary. Why Jim is so keen that I'm a mere amateur beside him. As for sitting in a regular seat—notching doing. He knows all the coaches and nothing but the side lines will do for him."

"You brought it on yourself," reminded Leila merrily.

"Oh, yes," acknowledged Sue. "But—" and she grimmed, "I didn't know that football was like the measles — the older you are, the harder they hit you!"

A Grief-Stricken Crooner

By RICHARD H. WILKINSON
© Associated Newspapers,
WNU Service.

THE moment Fritz Broden came into the room, Lucien realized that something important had happened. Fritz's eyes were wide with excitement and he was chewing his cigar furiously. But Lucien displayed not more than a half-hearted interest. Nothing he could think of that might have occurred would help matters now. It was too late. Or only a miracle could save him.

Fritz Broden said: "Well, son, you must be born with a silver spoon in your mouth. Melvyn Barclay's dead!"

"Dead? Melvyn Barclay?" Lucien felt goose bumps breaking out all over him.

"Dead," Fritz repeated. "This morning, Airplane crash." Fritz sat down and crossed his legs. "Now listen, son, it's your last chance. You gotta work fast and start working now. With Barclay dead you're in line for the Brewster Cosmetics program. There ain't another crooner in the country got your voice. It's your last chance."

"Dead," Lucien began.

Fritz's bobbing cigar interrupted him. He waved airily. "Yeah, I know. You got yourself in wrong with the radio public by beating up Barclay that night at the Robinhood club when he bragged he was going to croon you 'butter the business.' He almost done it, too, because you was bigger than Barclay and you hit him pretty hard. The papers played it up and female radio fans began to yell about what a brute you was. That's why you lost the Brewster contract and Barclay got it."

"And the female fans are still yelling," Lucien said moodily.

"Now that Barclay's gone, Brewster will look for someone else. They know I'm still unpopular."

"Not if you're smart they won't. You apologized for hitting Barclay, didn't you?"

Lucien flushed at memory of that humiliating moment. "Nobody thought I meant it, and I didn't. I didn't help any."

"It will now," Fritz leaned forward and tapped Lucien on the knee. "Listen, kid, I'm your manager and I'll get you that contract with Brewster if you do what I tell you. Tonight the nation-wide hook-up is giving Barclay a memorial. Well, you're going to sing 'The End of the Trail.' Every radio in the country will be tuned in. The announcer will play it up big. And I'll be with Brewster with a contract in my pocket ready to sign him up when you're through."

Lucien's eyes grew thoughtful and a ray of light came into his face. "Say," he began. Then: "Suppose, like before, they think I'm not serious? Suppose they put up a yell?"

"You will be serious. Make yourself serious. Give 'em a few lines about how grieved you are and then come up with that song. Make it touching, heartrending. At a time like that folks won't consider anything except that it's a tribute from one great radio star to another. I tell you, boy, it's your one chance to stage a comeback."

Sitting at a table in the Robinhood club that night, Fritz Broden watched the group of men and women at a larger table near by and knew for the first time a faint doubt. Included in that group was Marcus Brewster of the Brewster Cosmetics. The great man's head was tilted to one side. There was a sad, bleak look in his face. Fritz knew that he was grieving not the passing of the greatly-loved Melvyn Barclay, but the sudden ending of a source of income and unfailing success promoter for Brewster Cosmetics.

An unnatural hush hung over the great room of the Robinhood club. At the end a radio loud speaker was saying: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, we bring you an old favorite, one who is deeply affected by the sudden demise of the widely-loved Melvyn Barclay."

Lucien suddenly began to sing. The room was still, listening. They listened but there was contempt and distrust on their faces. On and on went the song, low and vibrant and for all the world sung by a man whose heart was heavy.

Lucien was half way through the second stanza when something happened. His voice faltered, caught, broke. He gulped, hesitated, went on, faltered again and abruptly stopped.

Fritz sat very still. He looked about the room. He saw guests exchanging glances, he saw them look at one another and shake their heads — heard the thunderous roar of applause . . .

Later in Lucien's room, Fritz flashed the contract. "Signed," he said, "on the dotted line, for three years. Boy, you did it! It was grand, superb, marvelous showmanship!

Why, when your voice broke on that second stanza it was the one thing that swung those listening dames in your favor. They wouldn't have believed you were sincere if you'd finished it. A man, they figured, who was so grief-stricken he couldn't sing a simple song like that — well, he must be all right."

"Why it wasn't that," Lucien said. "It wasn't that I couldn't go on in that second stanza. I haven't sung that song for a long time, and — and I forgot the words."

Lonesome

By RUBY DOUGLAS
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"WHAT do you suppose that girl is looking at?"

Mrs. Henderson asked the question of her husband as they took their leisurely after-dinner stroll along Riverside drive.

Frank Henderson looked at the girl. She was standing in the green patch of grass that lay between the drive and the river and she kept searching the sky as if for an airship.

"Looks as if she expected to see shooting-stars or some fireworks," replied Henderson.

"She interests me. Let's sit down here and rest," suggested Mrs. Henderson.

They watched the girl who stood slimly silhouetted against the fading pink of the Western sky. She wore an anxious and, at times, a wistful expression as she dropped her eyes from their search of the heavens. Whatever she looked for was not to be seen.

The girl noticeably discouraged, was walking toward them. She twisted the leather handle of her bag and her step lagged. There were tears in her eyes which she tried to hide when she discovered the pair on the bench near the drinking fountain.

"I believe she's lonesome," said Mrs. Henderson.

"She's too pretty to be lonesome," scoffed the man.

Helen Taylor had heard the word lonesome at just the wrong moment. Without quite knowing what she said or did, she turned to the couple.

"Don't you even have a moon-in New York?" she asked, tearfully.

"Moon? Why — yes, my dear," said Mrs. Henderson in her kindly tone.

"We — we sort o' forget there is one though," the man added.

"Perhaps you'll think I'm crazy—but, oh, I'm so terribly lonesome that I thought I'd walk down to the river to hunt for the moon—just anything we have back 'home' in Vermont."

A quality in the girl's voice went straight to the hearts of the strangers.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Henderson. "We wondered what you were looking for."

"I know I'm silly, but the calendar said there would be a new moon on September 18 and I knew then that I should be in New York beginning to earn my own living and I—oh, I thought it would be wonderful! How little we appreciate home—when we have it!"

"How little we appreciate anything, young lady," said Henderson. "Even your moon that you're looking for. I've seen the time when I could have danced all evening in the moonlight and I didn't appreciate it. Now I'd give my hat for the wind and the enthusiasm—"

"And the girl?" interrupted his wife.

Helen laughed. "He seems to have the letter," she said.

"Ter—that's right," said the husband, "even if we don't know when the moon comes up." He patted his wife's hand.

The three talked until it was dark and as they rose to go and walked out to the street a car came along the curbing.

"Well, for the love of green apples, mother," said a gay young voice from behind the wheel. "We thought you and dad had eloped or been kidnapped."

It was their son Tom.

"No—we have had an adventure—your mother and I," said Henderson laughing.

"Yes," explained his mother. "Tom, this is Miss Taylor, a young woman who is strange in New York."

The young people acknowledged the informal introduction and in a moment Helen found herself tucked into the back seat with Mrs. Henderson and being whisked through the cave-like streets to her boarding place.

"Oh, I do feel so much better, Mrs. Henderson. You were surely sent by a kind fate to lift me out of my blue depths," said Helen as she said good-night.

"Tomorrow night at 6 — sharp," said Mrs. Henderson as the girl left. They had invited her to dinner.

They had a simple dinner and Helen noticed that Tom ate bread with gravy on it just as her own brother did back home. It was a silly thing to notice, but Helen could not help it.

"Now, then, if you'll hurry out to the river we'll find that moon for you," said Henderson after dinner.

"Not going to make Miss Taylor take that constitutional with you, are you?" asked Tom.

"As she likes," said the mother. Helen got her hat and, unexpectedly, Tom got his. "I'll go, too, if you don't mind," he said.

"I have found you again and will never let you go."

A Singing Heart

By M. McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS
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"LET'S throw away all that stuff. I hate yellow — the color of envy," Miss Claytonia Carr said, nodding at sheaves of sunflowers and golden marigolds.

"But Reina said specially she wanted everything like the old time," Betsy exclaimed. "I remember just how the house looked at that concert — when the madame heard her, unknown to her. I got the yellow things on purpose to repeat that — and know she'll love to have it so."

"I know she won't. Rich and famous and all as she is now, think she wants to recall how poor she was then? But nobody can blame the Cantrills — with so many girls of their own, always plenty, and plenty good enough to pass down to Reina. But it hurt her mother — a proud piece if ever there was one. She wore the same black dress from time her husband was buried until she was buried herself."

Burnham village was coming to the climax of its fairytale — the return of its ugly duckling who had gone away twelve years before and brought the world to her feet. Nobody had seen her since — nor even her picture. Her mother had pinched herself cruelly to give the girl proper lessons — then the music-master had brought a great diva to hear his pupil all unawares. She had listened rapturously and taken Reina away within two days. Since that there had been only snippets of news, though now and again mention of the girl had been reprinted in the local daily. Only of her professional success — never anything personal. Two people knew the reason — Dr. Cantrell and the banker he held in leash, as that gentleman held in leash the editor.

Henry Deering came himself along with several nimble young men. He was the village Aladdin, given to speaking and seeing things done right off the reel. "Wish you'd let me get the florist," he said to Betsy. "Home flowers don't seem fine enough for our only celebrity. By the way, will she fetch along her husband?"

"She has none to fetch — unless she's achieved him within the last week," Betsy answered. "She has signed Reina May to all the correspondence about coming here."

"Why I heard rather she was to marry her musicmaster — that was why he was so keen to secure the big chance for her," Deering said.

"Heard it from Josephine Cantrell, I reckon," Betsy said, looking down. Deering flushed, but after a silent breath nodded, saying: "She wrote me the news — remember I was out on the Coast when Reina went away."

"I see! Many things!" Betsy interrupted. Then with a small laugh: "She'll get here around four in the afternoon — if that wretched train makes connections on the dot."

"H—m! She'll be here anyway," Deering broke in. "We'll meet her at the Junction — you and I — and fetch her in my car."

They were twenty minutes early. Betsy all but laughed at Deering's uneasiness. But her heart was full and soft toward him. He had been tricked — cheated of his chance for happiness, however it might be with Reina. She had long suspected his love for her — spinster that she was — now she understood. Reina might have forgotten him wholly — even then there would be balm in this new contact after the long blank years. She was at his elbow, a little tremulous, with shining eyes. Her breath came quicker as she saw in the midst of the half dozen leaving the Pullman a figure wholly strange except for the eyes. Reina's eyes unmistakably — faithful eyes as well. They brightened at sight of Betsy's honest ugliness, then rising to the man beside her closed swiftly, as from light to bright. Instantly they opened — she came forward, a creature of undulant grace, of charm, or presence, as unlike as possible to the pale snow-drop personage of twelve years back. She had found not only fame, and friends, and wealth, but beauty unbelievable.

What words may tell fitly of the night — of the crowds of rich summer folks, eager to hear this catastrophe of world-wide fame! She had come back to her old town, not in vainglory, but to help it on the road to beauty — to turn its ragged common into an orderly park, for the joyous comforting of age and youth.

Reina, beautiful as an angel, and happier than one, sang old and new songs as she had rarely sung before. But the music of her voice hardly matched the music in her heart, since Deering had said masterfully: "I have found you again and will never let you go."

Corn Used to Make Cars

Corn is one of the principal farm products consumed in building motor cars. Five and one-quarter bushels of corn are consumed in turning out a new car. It is used in manufacturing the butyl alcohol and butyl acetate, from which is made the solvents for lacquers used in painting motor cars. The automobile industry is one of the farmer's biggest customers. Besides

corn it uses cotton, wool, and leather in tremendous quantities. Linseed oil and other materials made from farm products are also used extensively.

Bees Root Market Crowd

Bees swarmed into the market place at Bulawayo, southern Rhodesia, stinging more than 100 persons and causing